



“Take that damned thing out of here. It makes me nervous.”



“Is Portugal still friendly?”

1942



"... and so, while present reports would seem to indicate a Nazi debacle on the Russian front, it is possible that Hitler



may be planning one final, all out ..."
"Yesterday, you will remember, we left



Martin in the hospital facing blindness. Janie, brokenhearted, is thinking of going back to her old job. Meanwhile Grandma is secretly thinking of selling the house to pay for an operation. But listen ..."





*“So I suddenly said to myself, ‘Why don’t I go ahead
and ask everybody I know in for eggnog?’”*



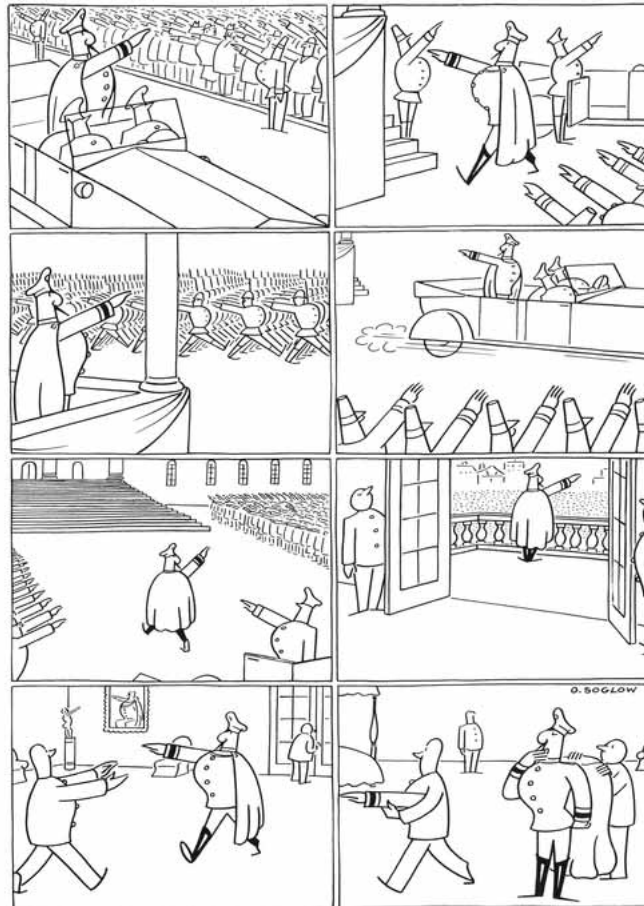
*"It's all right now, Mr. Ballard.
The all-clear just sounded."*



“... and the fairies brought a baby,’ but of course you and Mother know better, don’t we, darling?”



~~hara-kari~~ ~~meri-kari~~ ~~hara-kiri~~ hara-





"No, he isn't."





"The program committee wishes to announce that it has substituted Vincent Sheean for 'Japanese Flower Arrangements,' originally scheduled for next Wednesday."





"And what did you get?"

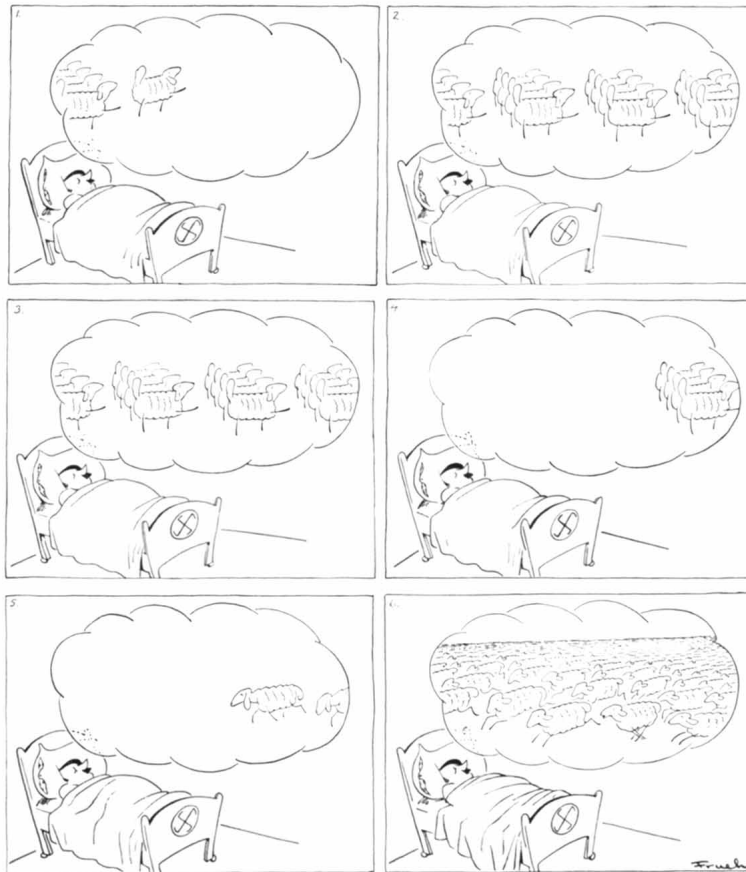


"Haven't you one with a more pleasant expression?"



"I must say I don't see anything particularly difficult about it."









“Hi, Sister!”



*“The Columbia Broadcasting System interrupts
this program to bring you a special news bulletin . . .”*





*“Frankly, Jones, the way business is, we think
we’ll have to ask you to walk the plank.”*



"I know, but Daddy wants it back now."



*“Don’t stand on ceremony. Just
throw me out when you get tired of me.”*



THE READING PUBLIC

"Stock Broker" may be played by two to seven players. If more than three or less than five play, the scoring is based on the total number of points lost when the winner "goes off;" otherwise the winning score is One Hundred and Fifty-five.

Each player is given three dice, \$1,500 in "play money," six forfeit cards (which, before the game begins, he may exchange with those drawn by his left-hand neighbor, who then must redeem them from the Bank), and two penalty cards, which remain face down.

Each player rolls his three dice until one shoots a double six and a three. This makes him Banker

for that round (unless he draws a forfeit card, which makes the Bank forfeit to the lowest bidder) and the player at his left is the Dealer. (Any player but the lowest hand may "challenge" either the Dealer or the Banker, or both, by drawing a penalty card entitling him to "auction off" the Bank or the Deal to the lowest bidder.)

The Banker starts the game by "asking for deposits." If no one chooses to deposit (or if no one is able to, because of unfavorable forfeit cards), the Banker may then "call for more margin" from the player at his right, who then has the choice of "asking for a mortgage," "freezing his assets," or...



"Madam, they're absolutely Stygian."



“Now I want you to give me something dangerous.”





“Oh, Mummy, don’t you wish it were real?”





“Of course, you’ll have to be on the qui vive during blackouts.”



"He always said we wouldn't last."



*“Now remember, as soon as I start telling about the need
for a new parish house, you come in with your Brahms
obbligato—but soft!”*





"I suppose you'll find this pretty tame after grog."



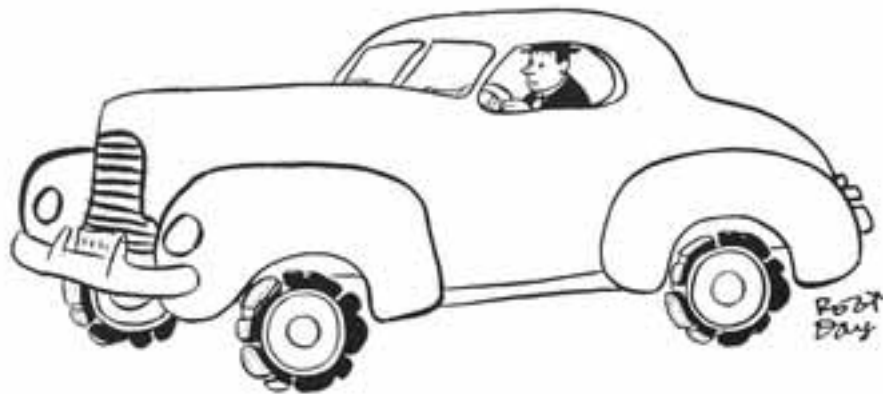
*“Of course, if they don’t bomb Sutton Place,
I’m going to look like a damn fool.”*



“Well, there’s one good thing about it. We won’t have to feel so sorry for Madame Butterfly any more.”

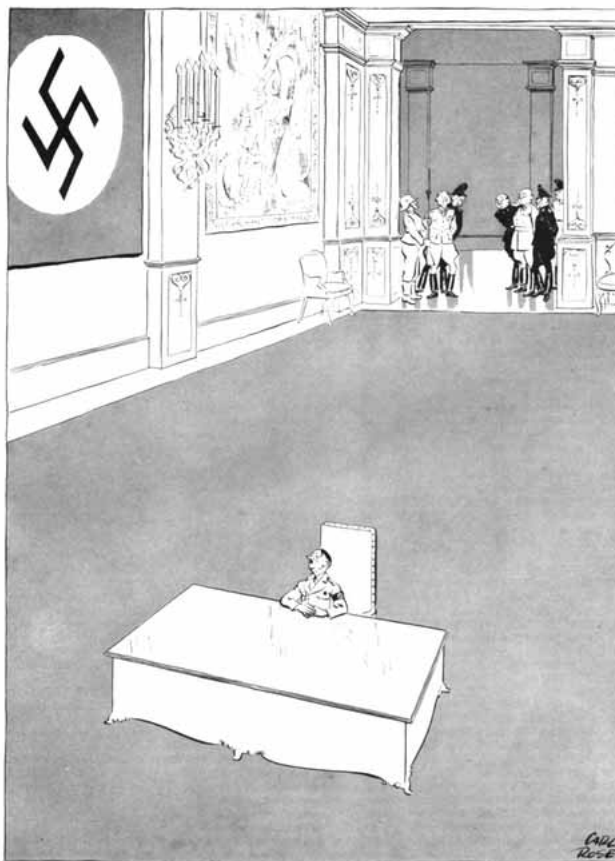


“Were those trees there a moment ago?”





*"If you're going to be as particular as all that, it'll
take a year to make a million."*



THE HIGH COMMAND AWAITS THE ORDER OF THE DAY



"Damn it, I'd dive right down their funnels!"



“Have they decided not to have M-Day?”

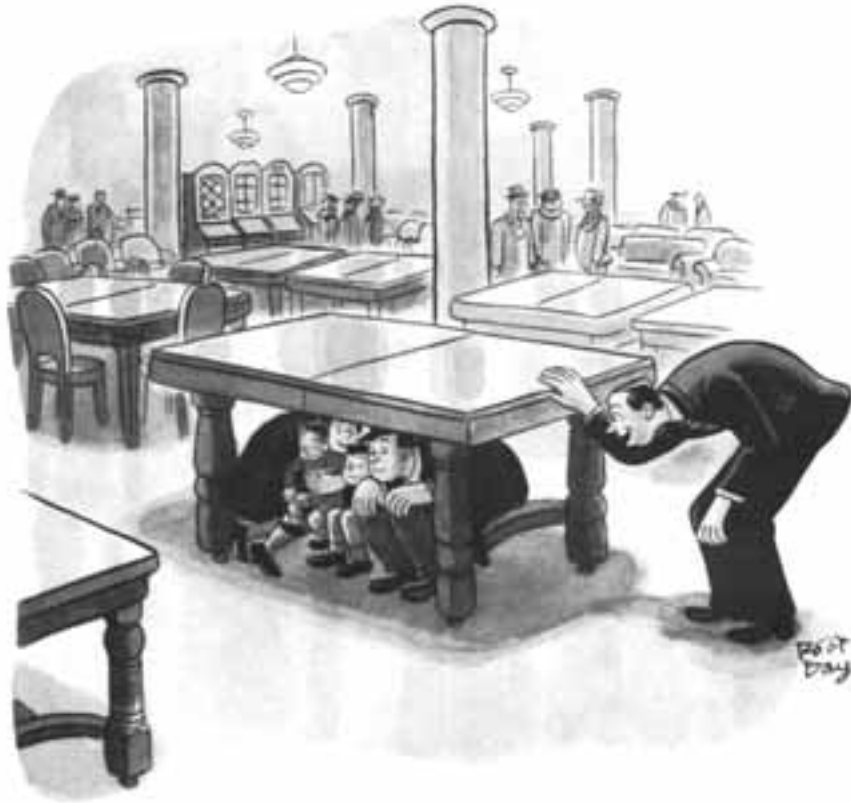


*“Hub! Jes’ a-sweatin’ on de chain gang. Huh! All
th’ live-long DA-A-A-A-Y!”*

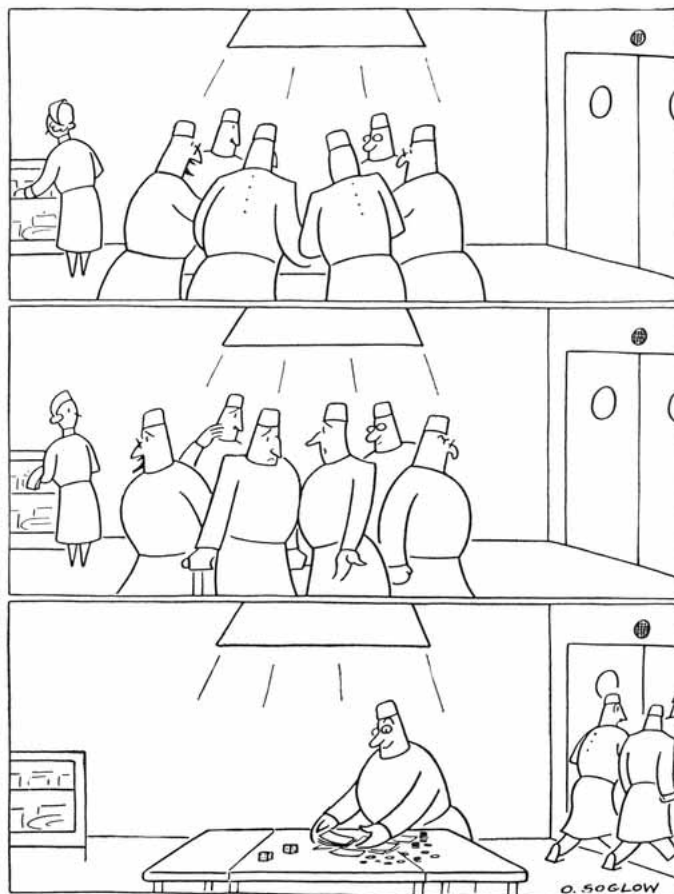




"Give me something in keeping with the times, Attilio."



"That about right for size?"





*"All I hope is that when it's over,
I get my old job back in Frisco."*

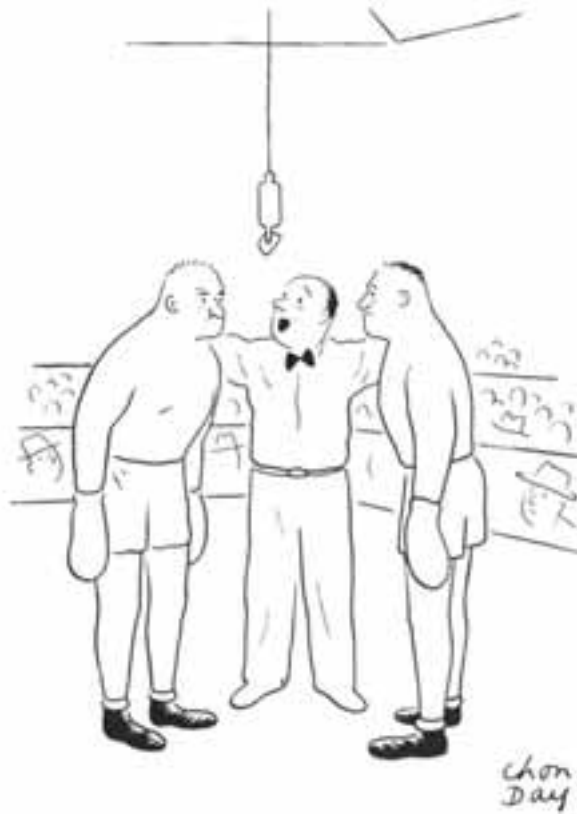


*"I'd be interested to know who offered
to donate a pint of my blood."*





*“Commander Herrick is so sorry, Mrs. Dudley.
She won’t be able to go with you to the White Sales after all.”*



“... and now, Godspeed.”

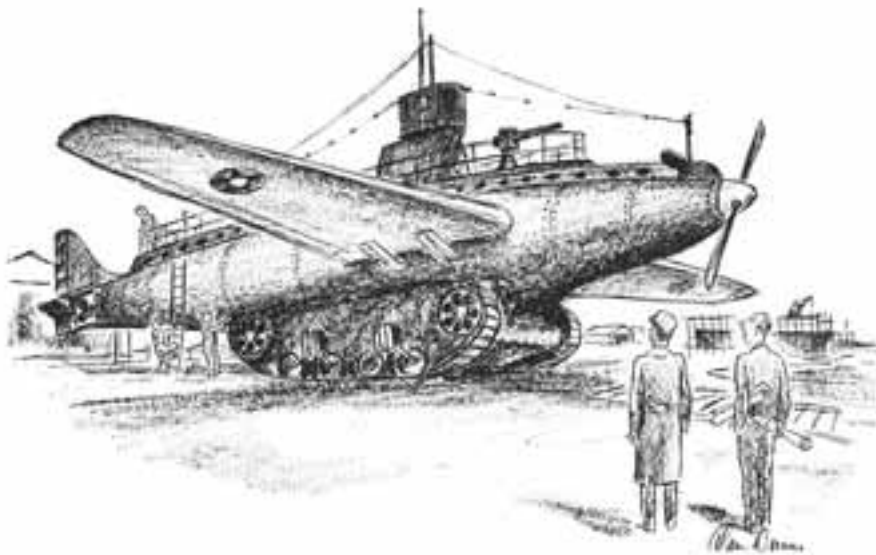




*"We were fortunate in getting the
after-theatre crowd, weren't we?"*



*“It goes like this—‘Mademoiselle from Armentieres, par-r-lez-vous,
Mademoiselle from Armentieres, par-r-lez-vous . . .’”*



*“We expect great things of it but,
frankly, we haven’t got all the bugs out of it yet.”*



*"Sure there's something you can do.
You can lay out the place cards."*



“Er—you don’t happen to have a more detailed map, do you?”



*"I dread to think what would happen
if it fell into the hands of an unscrupulous person."*



*"I'm sure we have it somewhere—
assuming, of course, there is such a book."*



“Well, I think we should consider ourselves mighty lucky.”

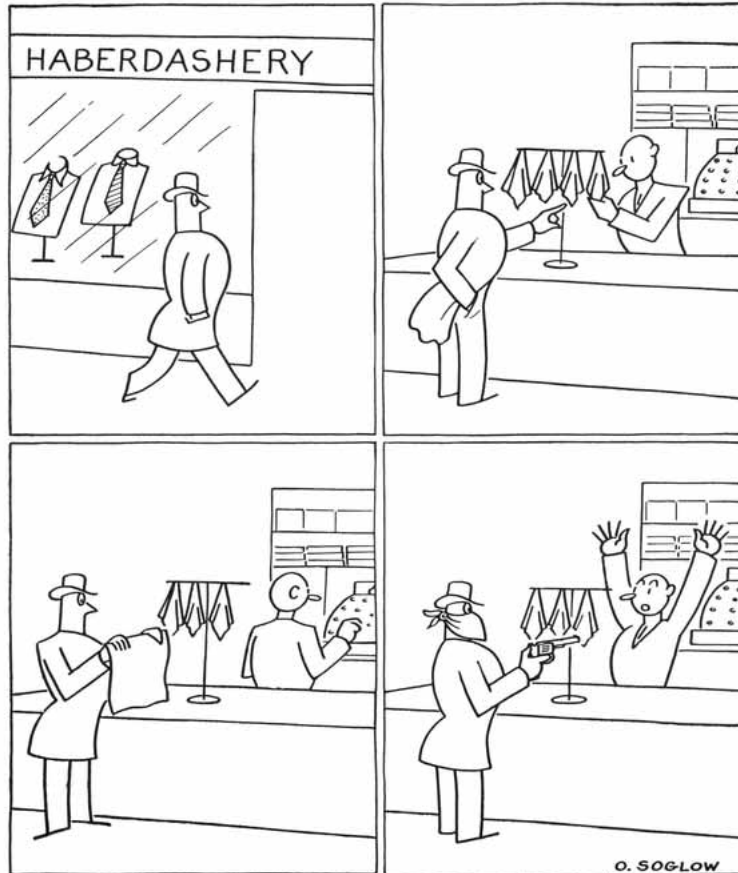




"I'll see if he's in, sir."



“But where is all this leading us to, Mr. Hartman—Miami? Palm Beach? Sun Valley?”

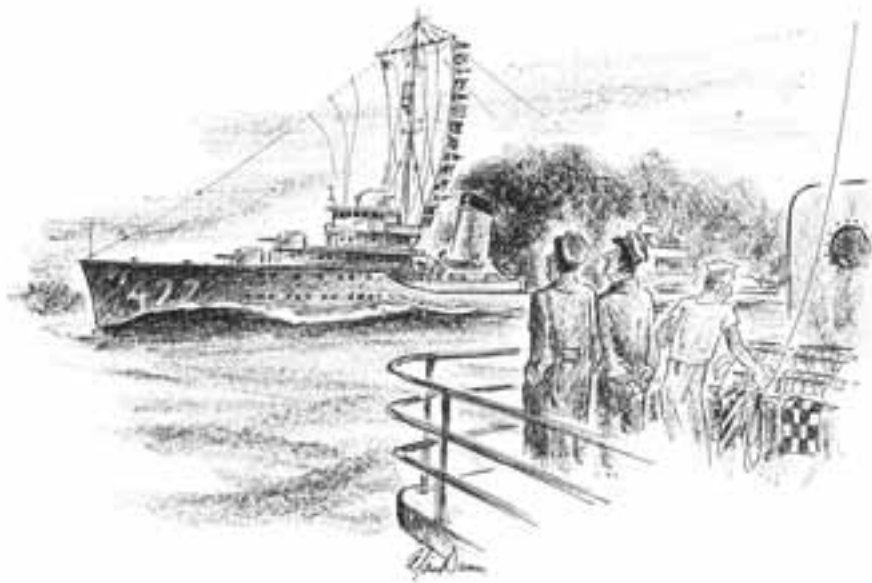




*"It seems there's a good deal of unrest over there because of priorities
and there may be an internal collapse before spring."*



"I don't want a reconciliation—just twenty-five thousand dollars."



“By George, I wish I’d said that!”



THE READING PUBLIC

The view of the sunrise from midstream was an unforgettable experience, with the sun coming up from behind the famous old castles of the Rhine and casting great shadows on the water. The "inner man" was calling, however, and it was a welcome relief when our little Folbot caravan "dropped

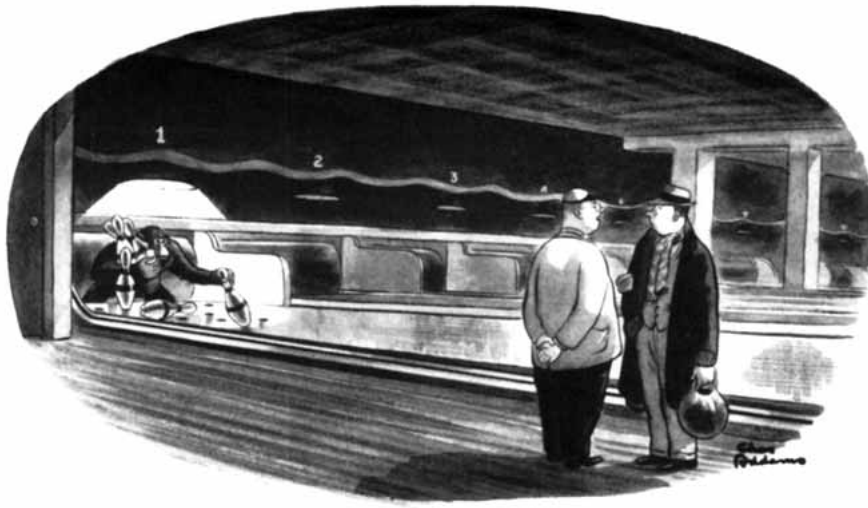
anchor" at the little hamlet of Umbran, where we unslung knapsacks, washed up, and breakfasted cozily in the taproom of the historic old inn. We were told by the innkeeper, a bearded patriarch whose picture we snapped (page 97), that a side trip to the picturesque forest of Uebergrau would repay...



“Planning to be in Washington long, Mr. Bellew?”



“Ann, in the language of the layman, I love you.”



“Of course, if he leaves for a defense job we’re licked.”



*"I should think he might have trusted
us with a few military secrets."*



Peter Arno (1/31/1942)

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"Isn't there supposed to be a little pocket for brandy?"



“Lefty, I want you to meet our fact-finding committee.”



*“From the halls of Montezoo-ooma,
To the shores of Trip-oli,
We fight our country’s baa-attles,
On the land as on the sea . . .”*





“Now, now, Madam. Pull yourself together and tell me all about it.”



“Mr. Goldwyn on the wire, Mr. Morris.”





“One lump or none?”



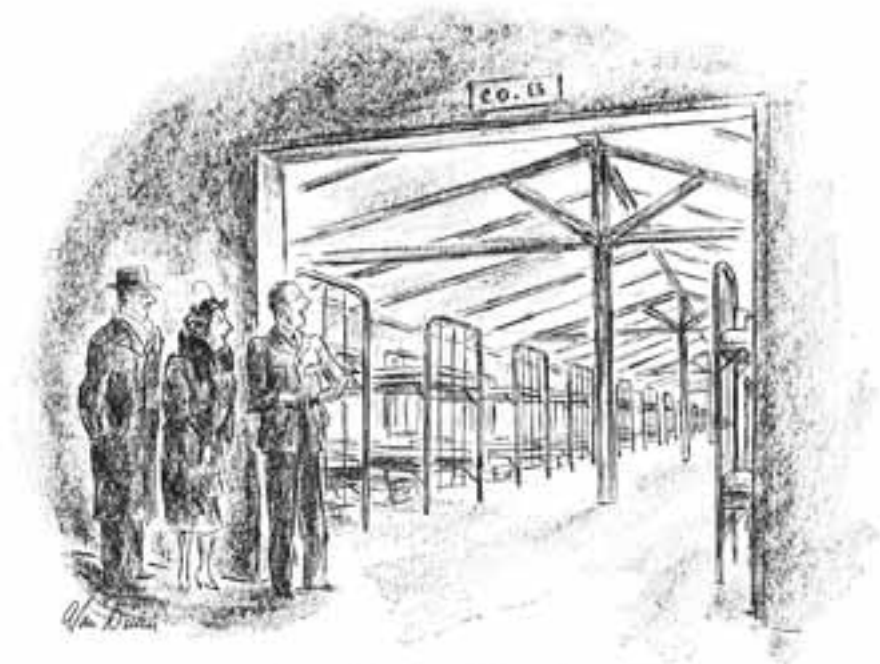
“Think, Private Willoughby! Think!”



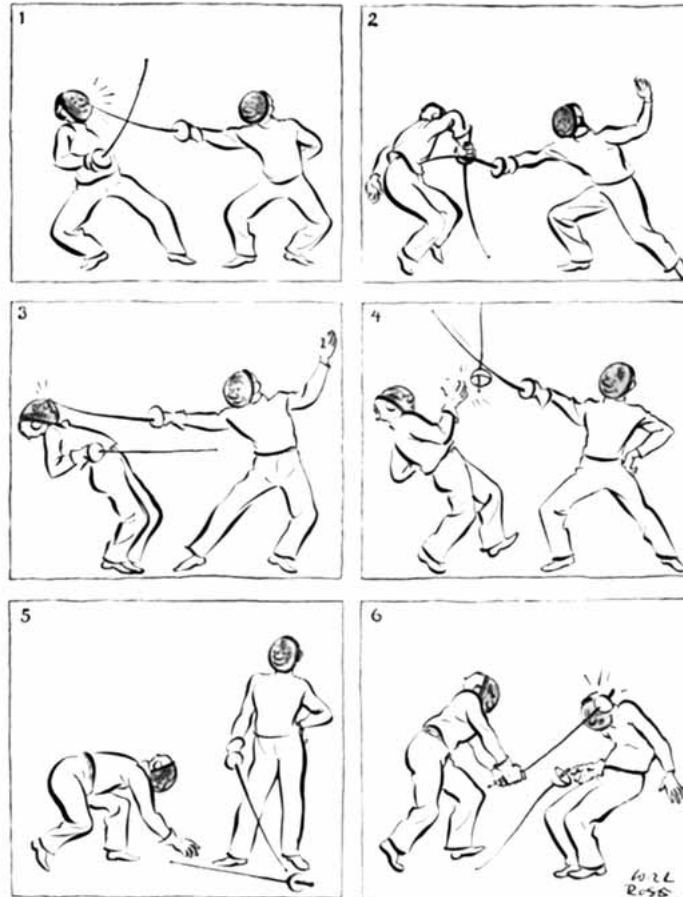
*“But, darling, when I said you were stupid I didn’t
mean I don’t love you that way.”*



"If you ask me, we drew a lemon."



“... and this is my bedroom.”





"Mm-m, smells good. Who is it?"





“Would you be interested in helping to save civilization?”



"Mrs. Barnes is to have a complete head-to-toe—she's to be the victim in a bandage-instruction class."



“How can seven people have fun?”



"I can't find your pulse. Are you sure you aren't doing something?"



*“Don’t let it worry you. You should
have an inferiority complex.”*

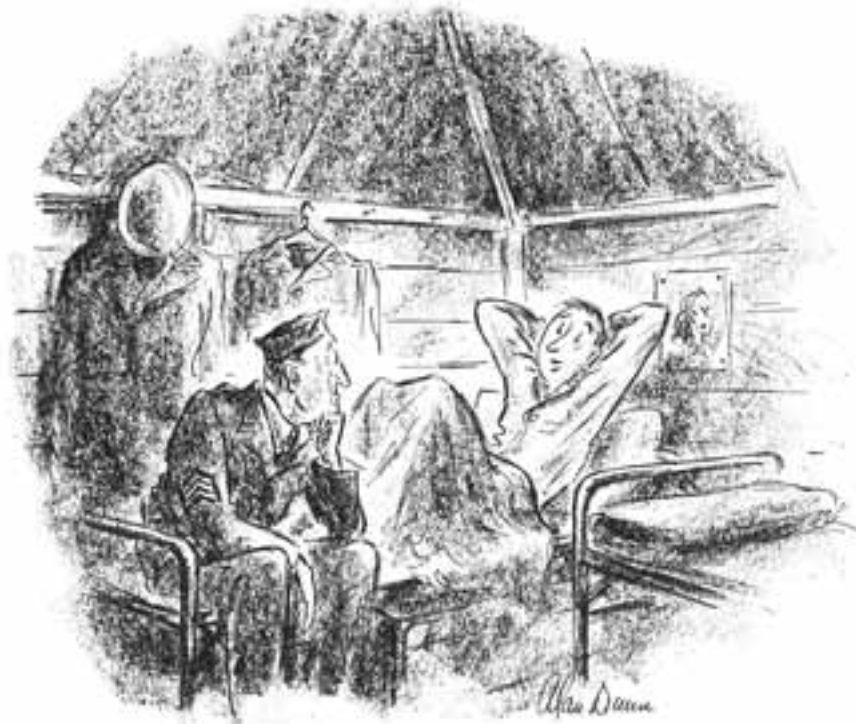


“Now what the hell kind of talk is that—‘pierce the gloom’?”





"I think it's disgusting."



“And in this dream you were my orderly.”



Whitney Darrow, Jr. (2/14/1942)

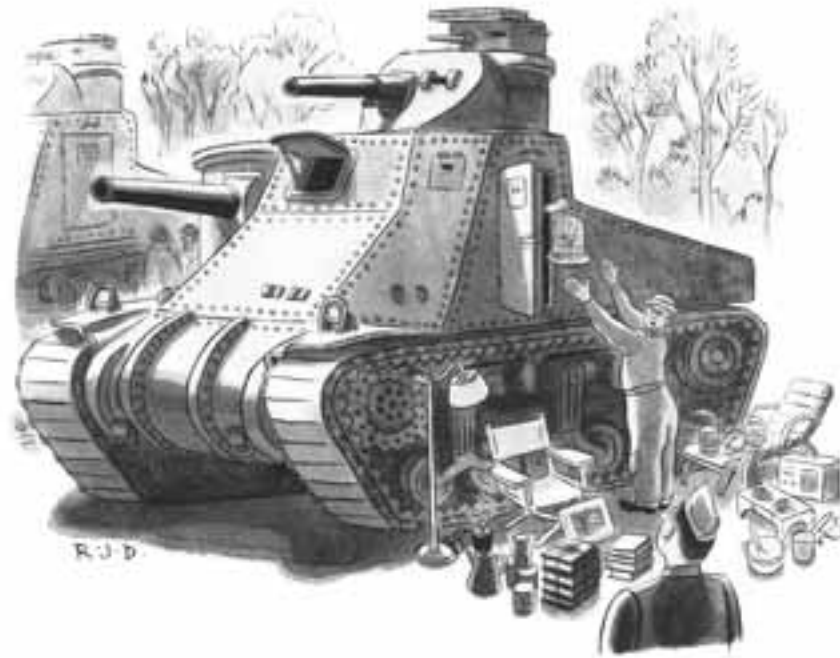
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“Once and for all, Mr. Stotter, I am not the kind of girl who goes to Atlantic City in the wintertime!”



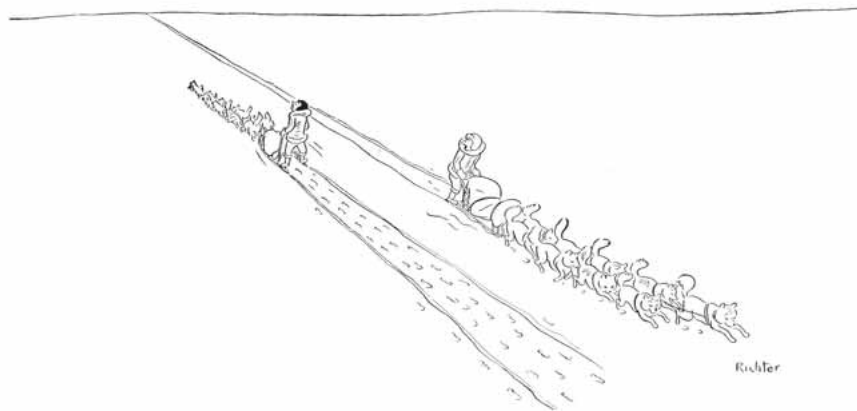
"I said would you be interested in steady employment with a private family?"



*"We just get settled and they
transfer us to anti-aircraft!"*



*"I wonder what dark flowers grow in the mysterious
caverns of your soul."*



"Damn snob!"

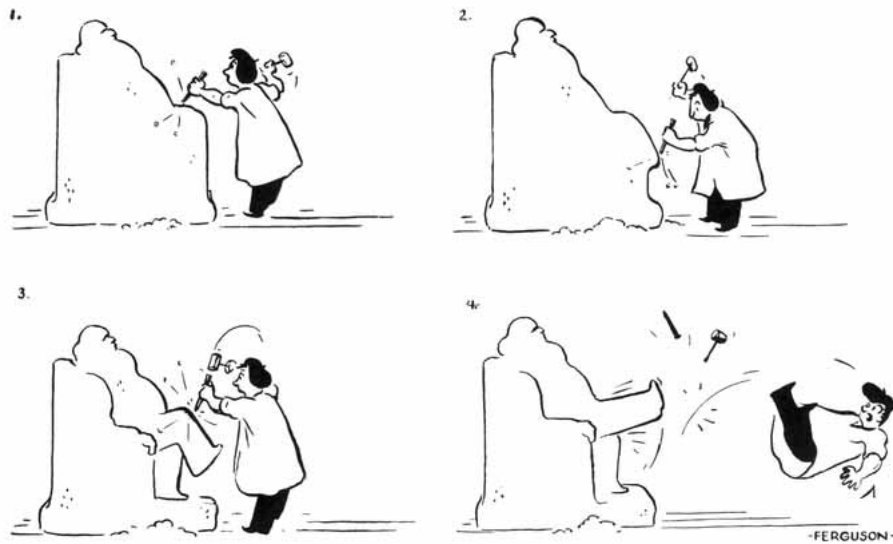




*“Look, fellows, will you please just let me
forget him between rounds?”*

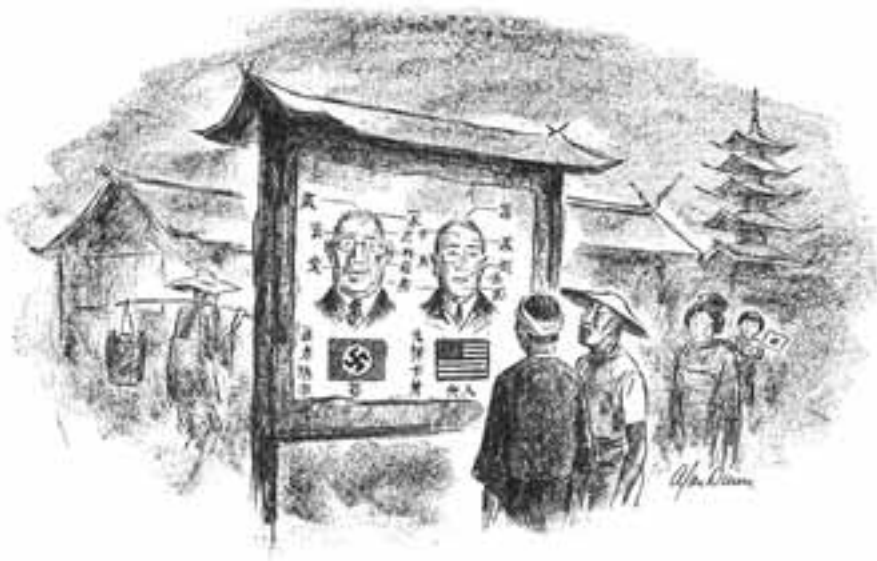


*“That’s the last of those we’re
going to get. British censorship, you know.”*





“Just a moment, ladies. Wasn’t your problem a broken nose?”



"I still can't tell 'em apart."



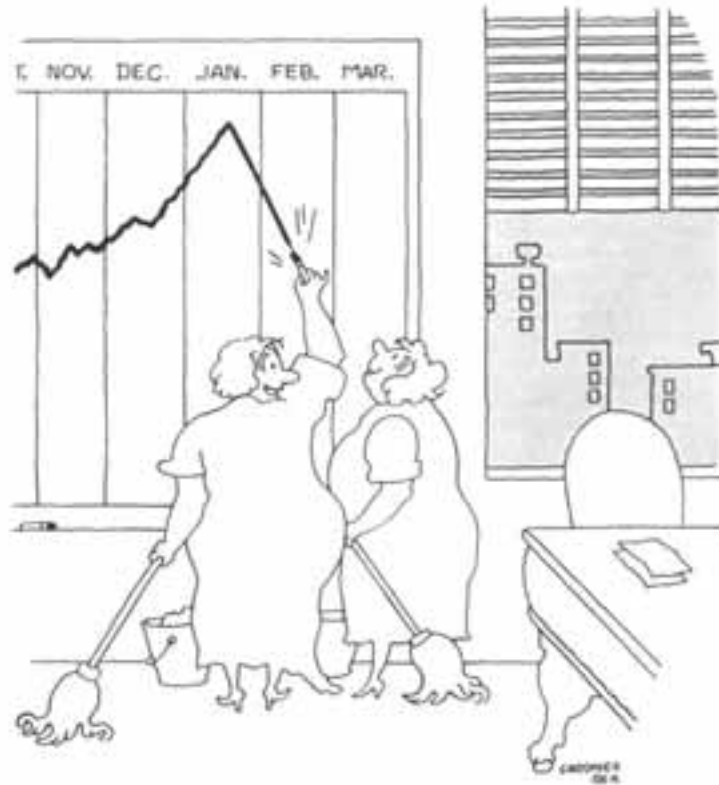
"It's from Nelson Halliday! 'Greetings from Miami, Florida,' it says."



“When do the celebrities start fighting?”



“Which you am I talking to now?”



"Boy, what I'd give to see his face tomorrow!"



*"I've been telling him an old-fashioned,
hell-fire sermon would turn the trick."*



THE READING PUBLIC

The third movement opens with a denial, stated by the woodwinds, that love is fleeting. Those familiar with Odoulski's tragic affair with Bertha Mucoca, the notorious sister of the concertmaster of the Milan Symphony, will be reminded of his famous letter to the Countess d'Innini, in which

he said, "Love is, Madame, not fleeting." Soon, however, comes a passage in which the strings imply, impishly, that, although love lasts, it changes. ("What is our love turning into?" Odoulski wrote, in 1836, to Greta Haffscheimer, the Brahmsmeister's wife with whom, for a time, he was passionately in . . .





“But, Ida, do you think you’ll be happy polishing shell casings?”





“I want to speak to the manager—at once!”



“Br-r-r, it was cold! Even the Führer himself was nothing but a mass of goose-pimples.”





"I'm really glad she didn't come. She's got a new mink coat."



*"I wonder if we couldn't convert some of the
boys to Henry James."*



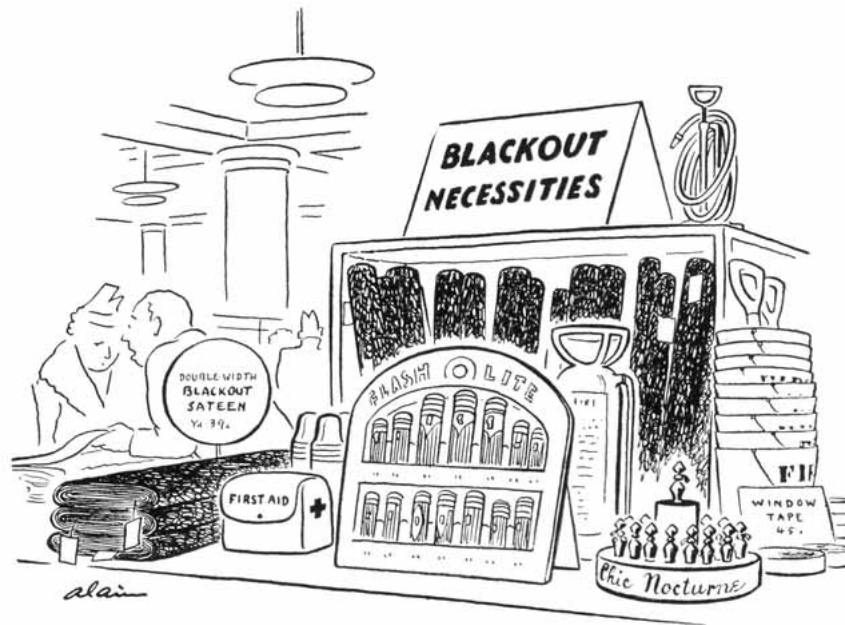
"Do much walking?"



*“Mr. MacLeish O.K.’s your speech for
clearance, sir, but he wants to point out a dangling participle.”*



"The most marvellous thing about it—the tires came through without a scratch."

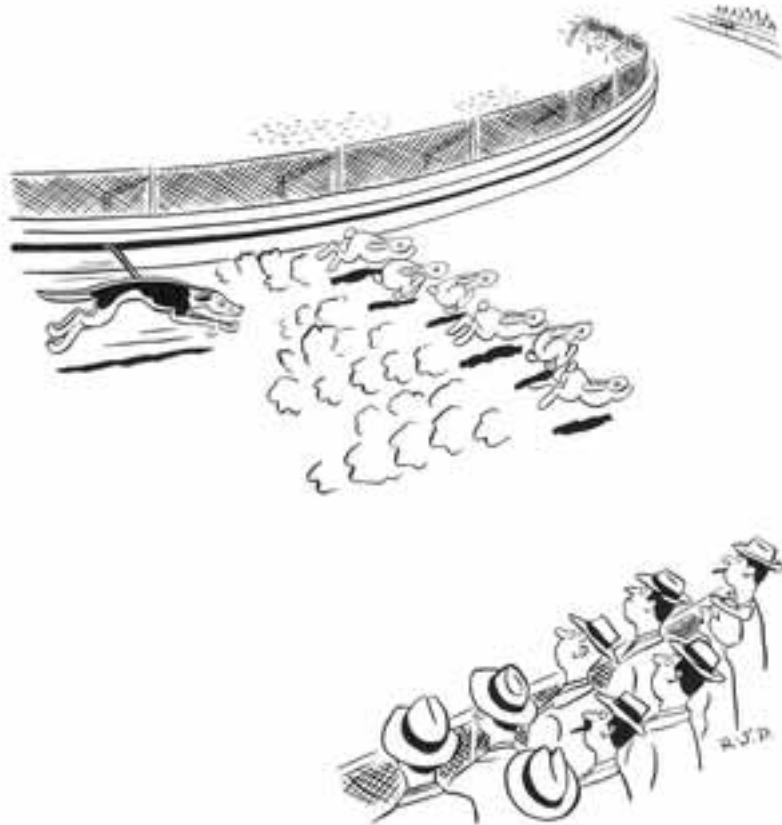




"Must be the critic from Women's Wear."



"... I have to close now, darling. I'm sorry Army regulations don't permit me to tell you where I am stationed now. Aloha! Jimmy."





"I hadn't seen one till the other day myself. The wife picked up a couple in some place on Sixth Avenue.



"It's pretty tricky—it looks like a fountain pen and has a clip so you can carry it in your vest pocket.



"The batteries are only a dime, or three for a quarter.



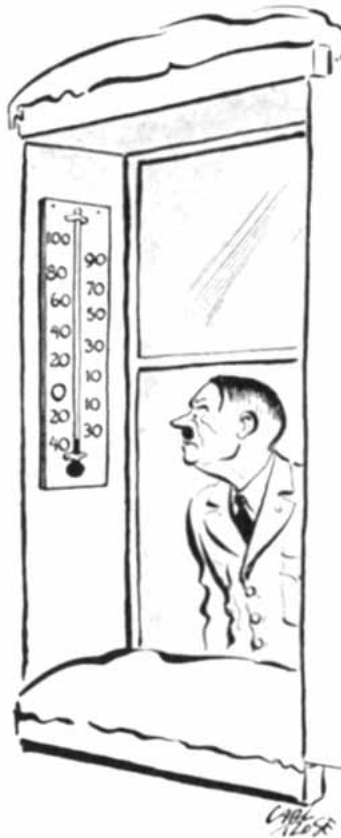
"The glass tip is red and it gives off a red light so that you don't have to bother shading it.



"But wait a minute—



"I've got one right here in my pocket."





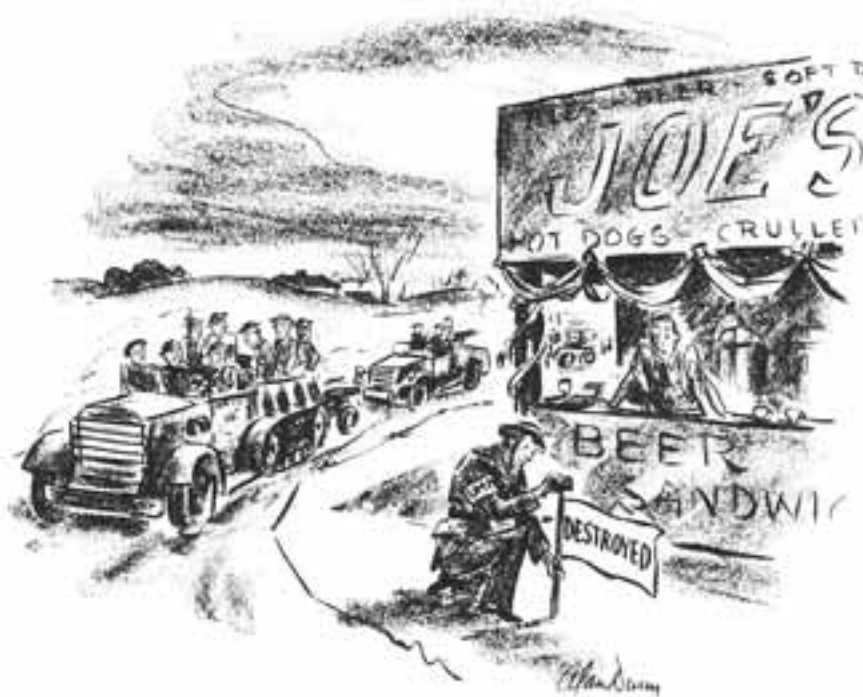
"I may be a little late for dinner—I'm going to case Tiffany's."



*“I know you’ll all be thrilled to hear that
we are now working hand in hand with the F.B.I.”*



"For God's sake, who opened that window?"





"Sometimes we're awfully hard to please."



*“Why not send him ‘Vagabonding Through the South Pacific,’
‘Ireland—What to Do and See,’ and ‘Our Neighbors of the
Frozen North’? Then you’re playing safe.”*



*“What I’d like to know is where’s
all this panic buying they keep talking about.”*





"And then I inspected that upstairs of hers. My dear, you never saw such barbaric taste."



"I'm calling it 'Girl Without a Dirndl.'"



"How're you fixed for tires?"



"We'd like to use one of your front windows."



"Has the convoy to Mt. Vernon gone by here?"



"I know it's a lot to ask, Sergeant, but would you mind throwing your arm around me in a comradely manner?"



"All I can say, gentlemen, is that after getting only two lousy raises in fifty years, this watch certainly comes as a great surprise to me."



*“Curtain going up. Third act—and
a bitter disappointment it is.”*





*“Barometer 1016. Tomorrow partly cloudy,
occasional rain, easterly winds, not much change in temperature.”*



"I knew what I wanted, and I went after it."



“Which side of the family does your money come from, Lily?”



*"It might be wise to switch
Barrows to some other department, temporarily."*

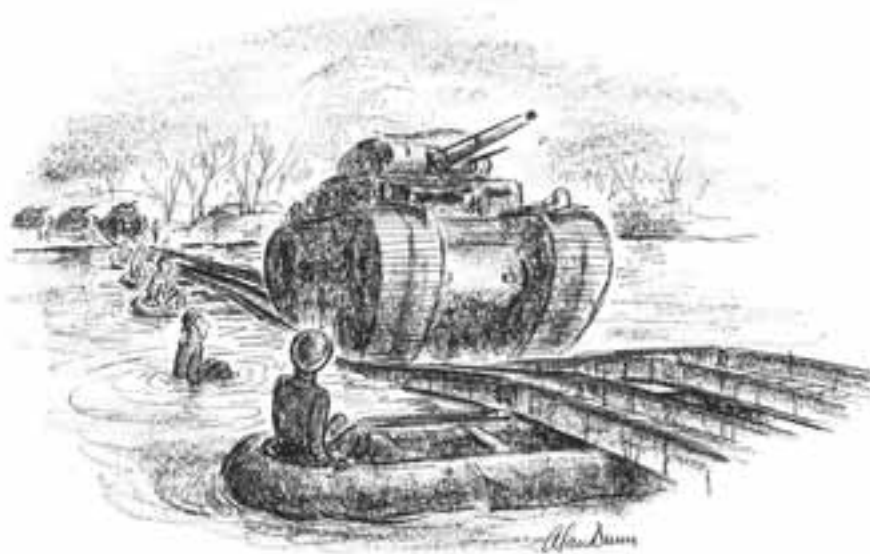




*“Income-tax blank b’long me. You savvy. You fella
notary public, maybe so?”*



*"And one last thing. It has come to my attention
that some of you girls have been sewing in your telephone numbers."*





*"It's been delightful having you
with us, Mrs. Parkhurst."*



“What I mean is what do you do with yourself all day?”



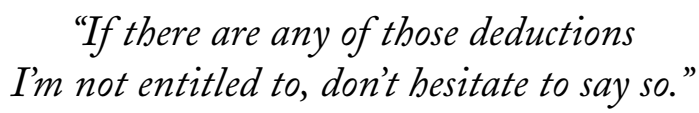


"Watch your car, Mister?"



Charles Addams (3/14/1942)

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“Why, I thought they had frozen all you people.”



“S-a-a-y, I just happened to think. When this war is over we’ll probably draw another bonus.”



“No, it’s not for Bundles for Britain. Guess again.”

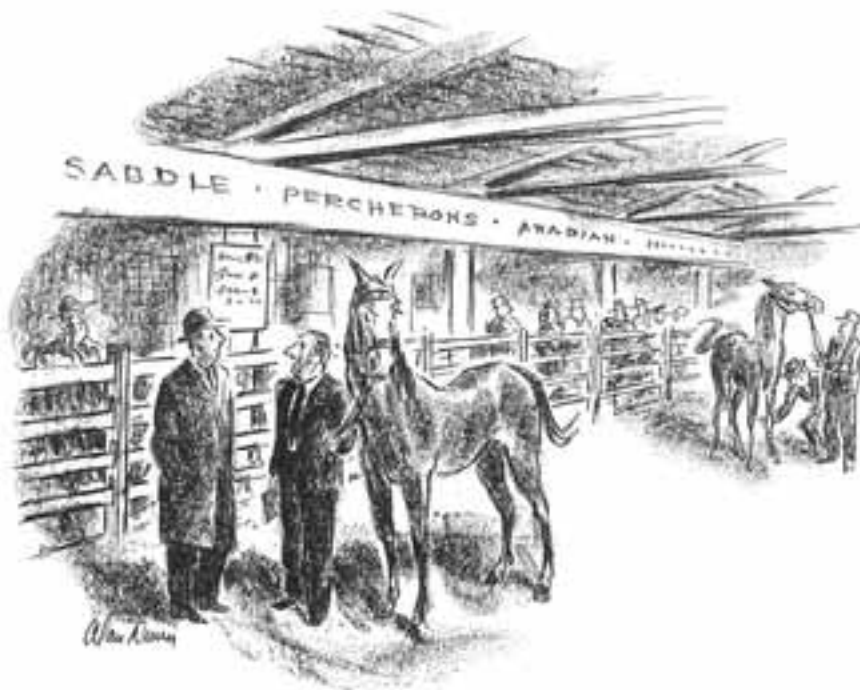




"It's like I told you. Every time I demonstrate these dinner chimes, he comes tearing up."



“Mamma!”



*“And, of course, easy time payments can be arranged
through our finance company.”*



"I never give my roses stimulants."



"Oh, Lytton! Mind stepping over here for a second?"



THE READING PUBLIC

Mitzi Sweeney will not need Randall Trotter III, as rumored in that column. Her heart is a G-man, and he still carries the torch for Lulu LaFlamme, Doty Club eye-fel . . . The wise money is betting that a certain local biggie will be offered a certain federal job. Watch and see if we aren't right . . . Ironical how horses bob up in the life of Joe Turley, popular emcee. Joe got his start as a chorus boy

in the musical "Whoa, Dobbin!" Four years ago he almost won the daily double at Empire City. Now comes word that Peggy Giffus, his ex-flame, is out of the floor show at El Trocador due to a bite from a policeman's mount. And—here's the payeroo—Joe can't ride a horse . . . heheheh . . . Broadway—the street where the rats steal cheese out of each other's traps . . . Hitler is secretly planning a . . .



“Please don’t get up.”



“Ready, Marcel! You’re on next.”



*“Why the hell didn’t ya say ya wanted
the seventeent’, please?”*



“The board regrets that it must reject your application for a new tire but asks me to congratulate you on a most moving appeal.”





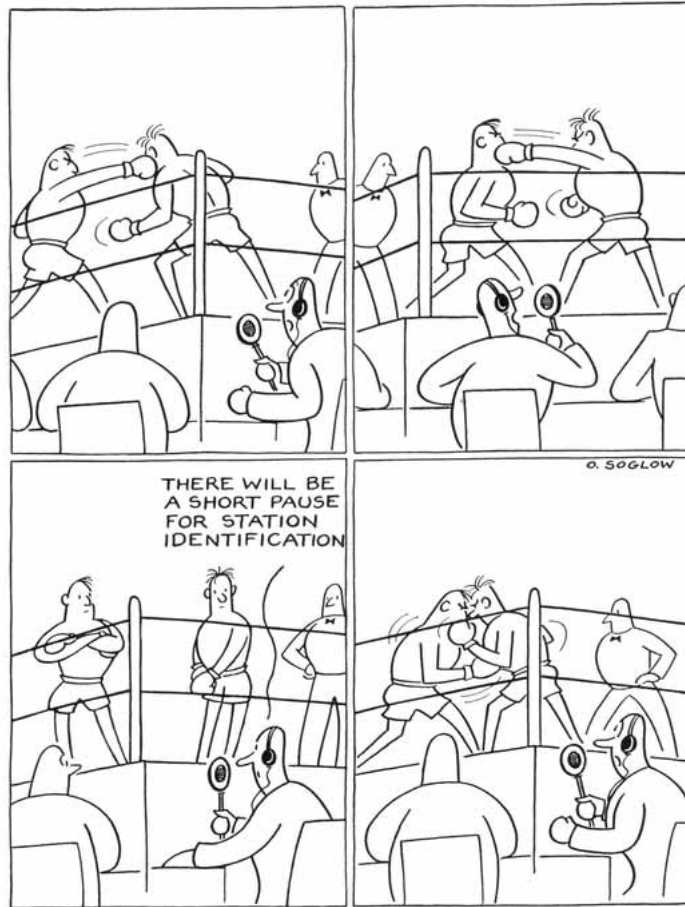
“From here on I’m hot.”



“No, I have not finished with it yet!”



“Your being a vegetarian certainly takes a load off my mind.”





“Will you please stop agreeing with everything I say!”



"Here I am, Ed, back here."



“Did you ever read Thornton Wilder?”



"It started with some awfully good repartee."



“... lead reins through eyes of hames.”



“My advice is to forget all about this and put yourself in the hands of a good tailor.”





"Miss Whitehead has come to tell us how to amuse sailors."



"What do you know, Emily! They want me back in baseball."



*“She built up her personality
but she’s undermined her character.”*



"The opinions expressed by Mr. Blossom are not necessarily those of the sponsor, this station, or Mr. Blossom."



*“Then he said people are
supposed to forget conventions in times like these.”*





“Makes quite a ceremony out of those draft notices, doesn’t he?”



Robert J. Day (3/28/1942)

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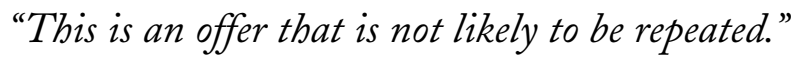
"I've said all I'm going to, Edna. It's up to you now."



"She falls in love with five successive men but tires of them all. It has something to do with political freedom."



*"Isn't this nice! You're in the
Air Corps and I'm a volunteer airplane spotter."*





*“Doesn’t it make you proud knowing
that Junior is in there—somewhere?”*



Chon
Day

"Now this may make you scream a little."





*"I'd say greens along both doubles alleys
and potatoes in the service courts."*



*"I don't care how many signatures
you have. Reveille is still at five-thirty."*



*“If she ever gives you any trouble,
all you’ve got to do is send out an SOS.”*





"Of course you can do it. Just stand right up to him and say, 'No, you can't have a raise!'"



"When we captured him, sir, he tried to swallow this dispatch."



"That reminds me of a parable they were telling in Scranton, P-A."



“Madge?”



"I suppose to him I'm some sort of god."



"Navy men like its clean, salty tang."



“Some troops have been landed but I am unable to give you an estimate because of a stringent tightening up in the censorship.”



"Spring must be here. I saw a vulture today."



*"I just don't seem to be able to make him
understand why I don't give him sugar any more."*



"You needn't hurry home, Mrs. Bronson. Bunny and I are playing a perfectly marvellous game."



*"Imagine it, Barclay! Here we stand, gazing
down at tracks made ten million years ago."*



“Let’s try this one out. We’ll send Mac to the cigar store at the corner and if he don’t come back in fifteen minutes, we’ll scam to hell outa here.”

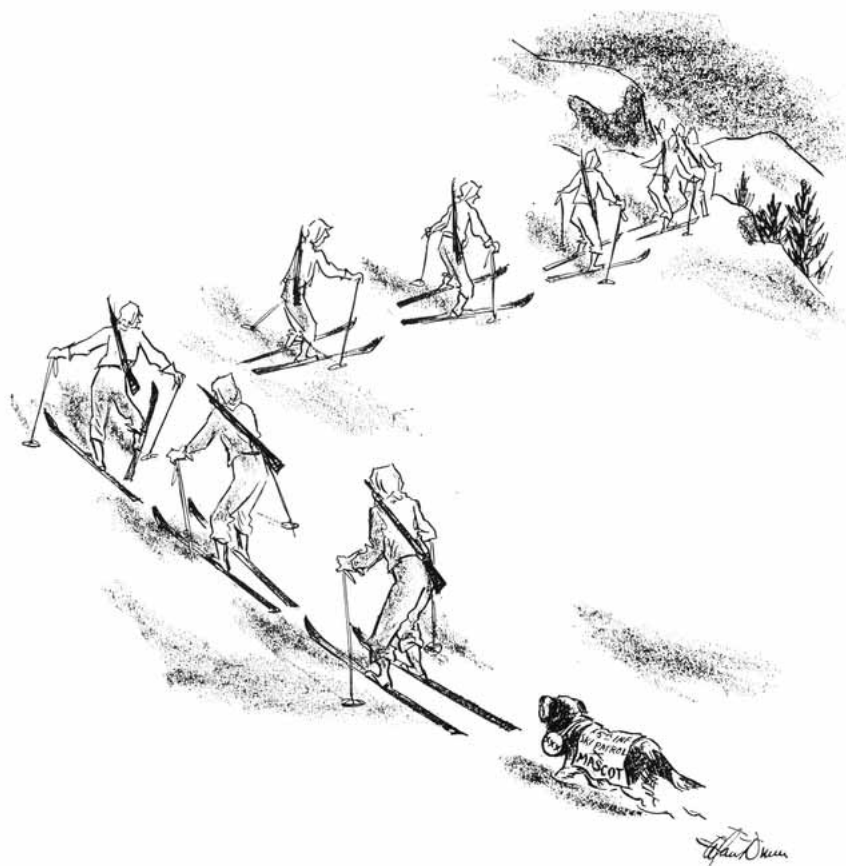




“May we use your victim when you’re through with her?”

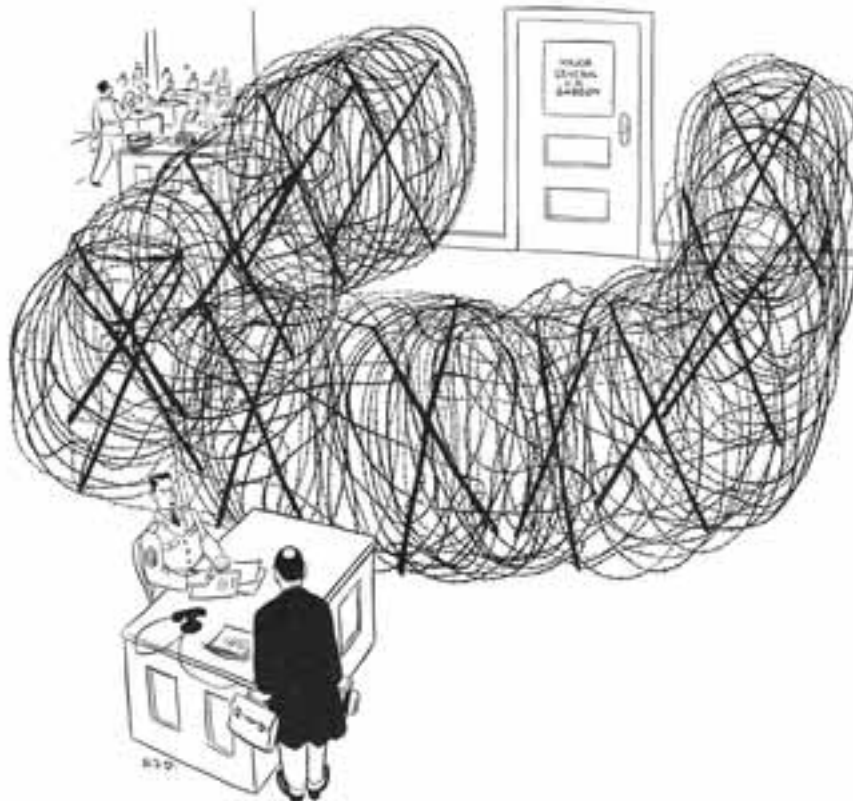


"Why, Miss Williams, you've lost a little weight."





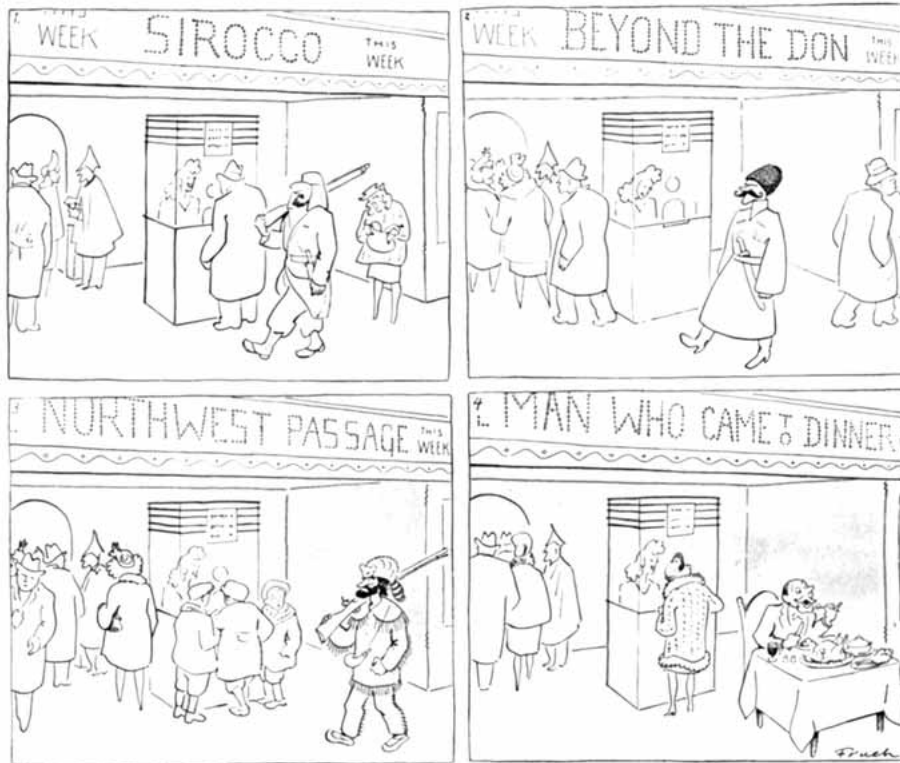
"He's had something on his mind all day."



“Have you an appointment?”



"My father can lick your father!"





“It doesn’t go ‘baaroom’ any more. It only goes ‘beep.’”





*“Fix it so it’ll stream out behind, Pierre. I’ve been
assigned to a motorcycle detail.”*



“Which Van Doren was it I enjoyed so much?”



*"I'm sure General MacArthur wouldn't come to the table
with hands that color."*



*“All right, all right, if we drop it we
won’t know what hit us. So what?”*



"You positive you smelled smoke?"



"Don't you just adore it?"



“Our field workers have found that many laborers’ families will eat spinach if it has been braised in a little bacon fat.”



“What sort of a job?”



THE READING PUBLIC

... and now the Prince enters the glade, seeking the wounded deer. The Princess and her handmaidens flee in alarm. The Prince executes a pas de deux with the Spirit of the Glade, and then disappears

into the depths of the forest, pressing his search for the deer. The deer enters, fleeing from the Prince. The Princess and her handmaidens return, hiding from the Grand Vizier, and the deer, alarmed ...



"Perhaps we didn't make it clear, Miss Jones, that your job with the F.B.I. is purely clerical."



“One more thing. Which radiator do we rap on for heat?”



"I had one hell of a thirst—that's all."





*“Why, I just woke up early, sir, and thought
I’d take a walk before breakfast.”*



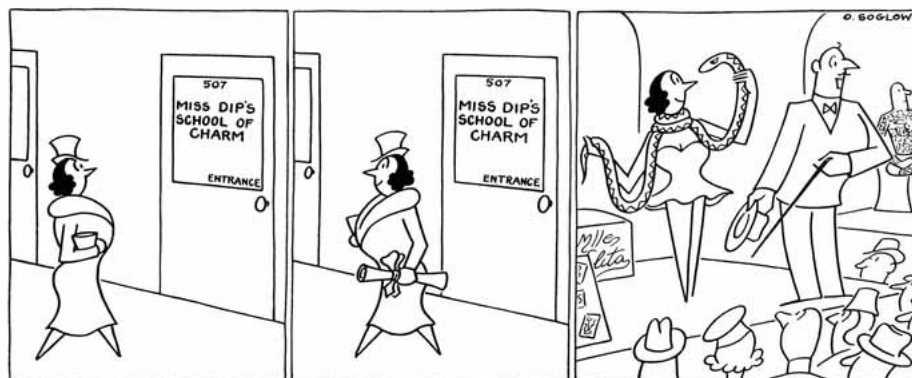
*“Yes, sir, in my day I’ve cost the State of
New York a pretty penny.”*



*“Would you mind looking into the right-hand pocket of my coat
and see if I turned off my radio?”*



"These turned out to be too snuggly."





*“Our Gwendolyn has volunteered for war work.
She’s going to let the boys at Camp
Upton pull Defense Stamps off her legs.”*



“Isn’t Cornell being rather dramatic this year?”

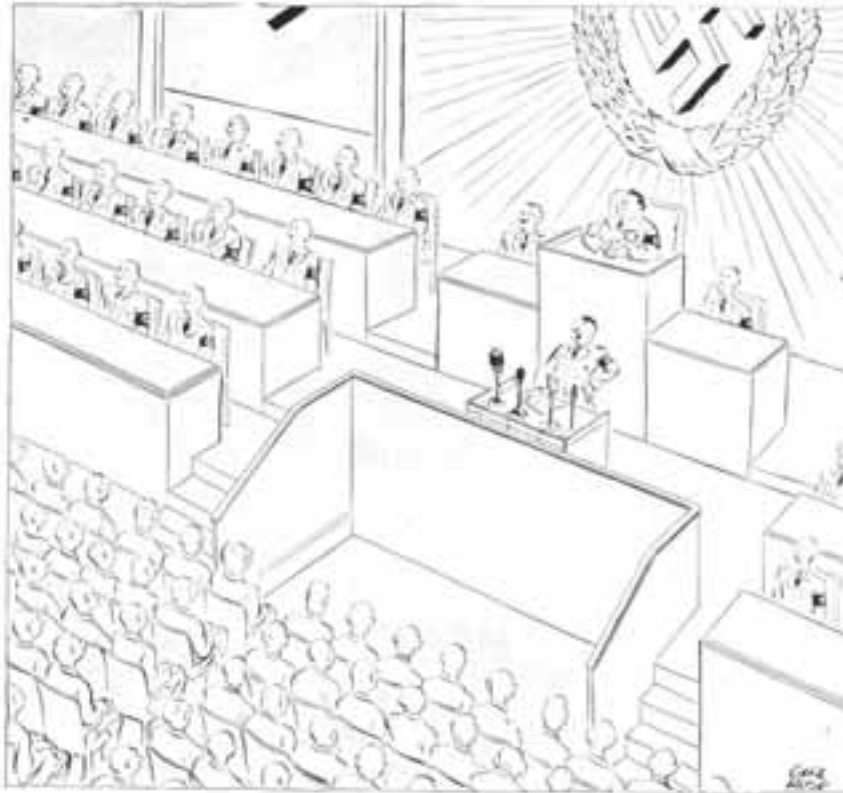


"It's not locked, Honey."



“What I’m really looking for is some little investment that won’t keep bobbing up and down.”





“I think I may say, without fear of contradiction . . .”



“The trouble is you make me think too much.”



“Mr. Wilson can get rid of you now, Mr. Olson.”





"I must ask you to disperse. Large gatherings present attractive targets."



“Whaddya mean ‘surprise’? We’re married, aren’t we?”



*“Is there any place around here where
I could listen to Edwin C. Hill?”*

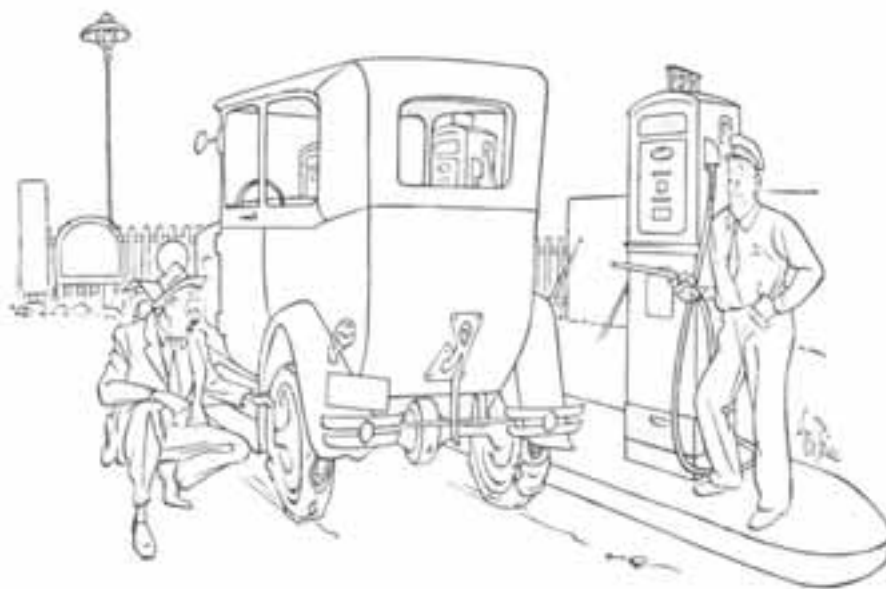




*"It has to be large enough
for two birds who are in love with each other."*



“How do you spell that word ‘ennui’?”



"I'm afraid three gallons will be about enough."



“If I can be of any help while I’m here, just let me know.”



*“By the way, whatever became of that
secret weapon I used to talk about?”*



*“He’s too damn calm and collected
to suit me. I think we’re lost.”*



Perry Barlow (5/2/1942)

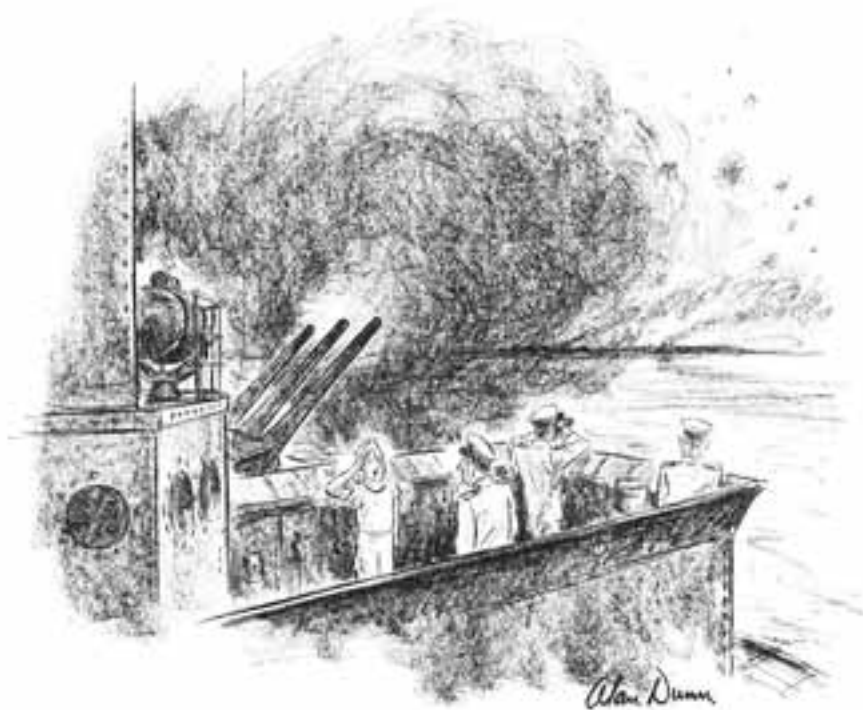
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*“Which one did you want, Ma’am? There’s
Douglas MacArthur Street, General MacArthur
Boulevard, and MacArthur Terrace.”*



“But, Mrs. Proctor, I’m afraid we can’t institute divorce proceedings on the simple charge of insubordination.”



*"Paramount News sends its respects, sir, and
could we move a little closer to the atoll?"*





"No-o-o, you needn't give up softball altogether. I'd just shift from shortstop to the outfield."





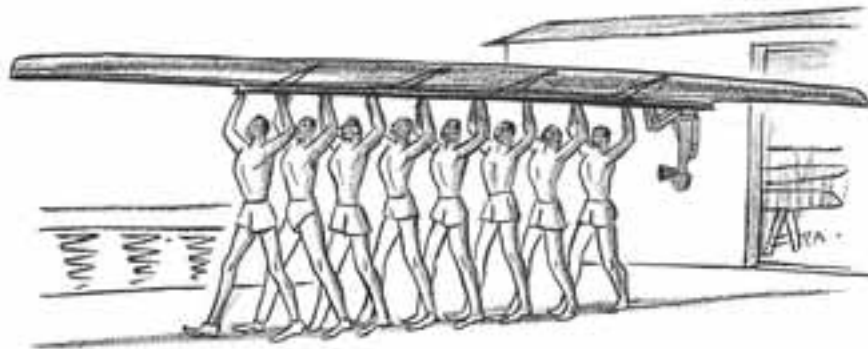
"My victim wants an aspirin."



"How old is a Major?"



"Tough luck! And your briefcase arm, too."





"Are your toasters thawed out yet?"



*"It makes me so mad when I think how
long I've been patient with India."*





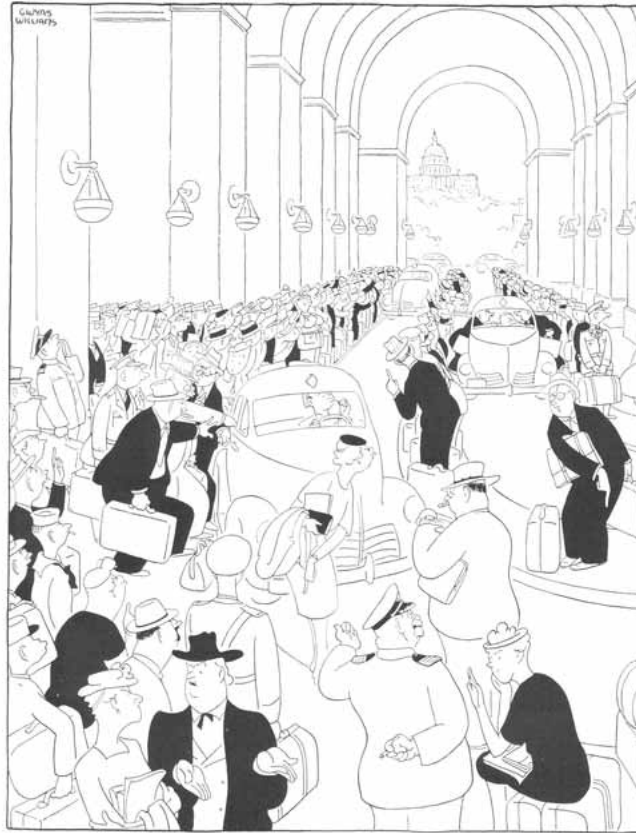
“Are you at home to a reporter from the Tribune?”



"Sure, I'm havin' a good time, I guess."



“Better stock up on jelly beans.”



THE NATIONAL CAPITAL
Union Station

Gluyas Williams (5/9/1942)

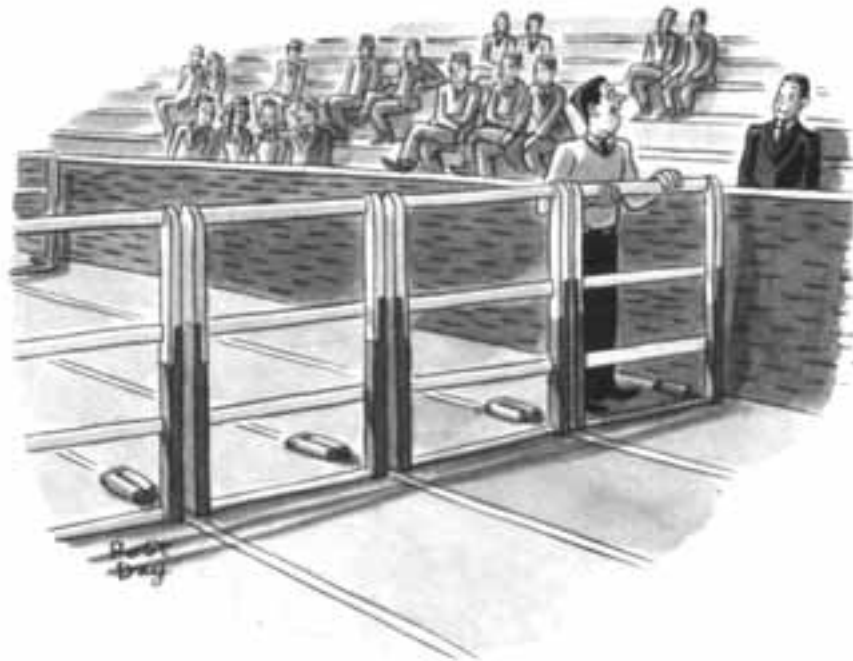
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"I'll bet you think I'm vain."



*“Once and for all get this straight—I am not to
be used for personal calls.”*



*“As long as you’re sitting there
anyway, Wilson, would you mind saying ‘upsadaisy’?”*





"May I tell an anecdote about my dogwood?"



"That's strange. He wasn't part of the show at all."



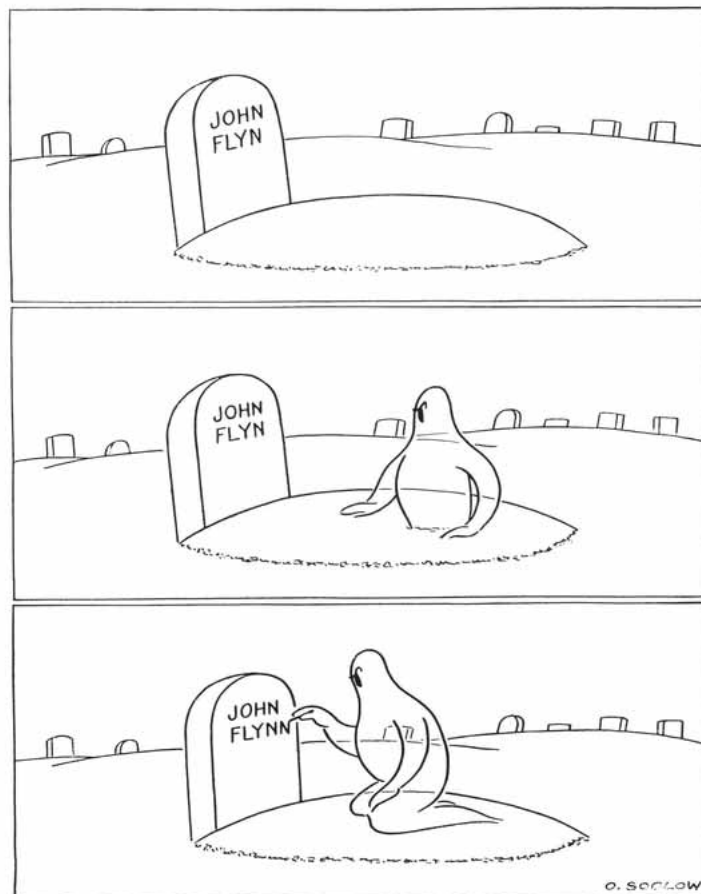
*"I've always wanted to get
just the least bit tipsy in the Jumble Shop."*



“C’est la guerre.”



"Lost ball!"





“Say please!”





"We've decided to allow our canary to become a mother."



“... and don't nibble!”



"The trouble is all the men we know are physically perfect."



“Did I ever tell you I was voted ‘Most Likely to Succeed’ at Lafayette in 1938?”



*“My goodness! Your dear old uncle
seems to have left everything to me.”*



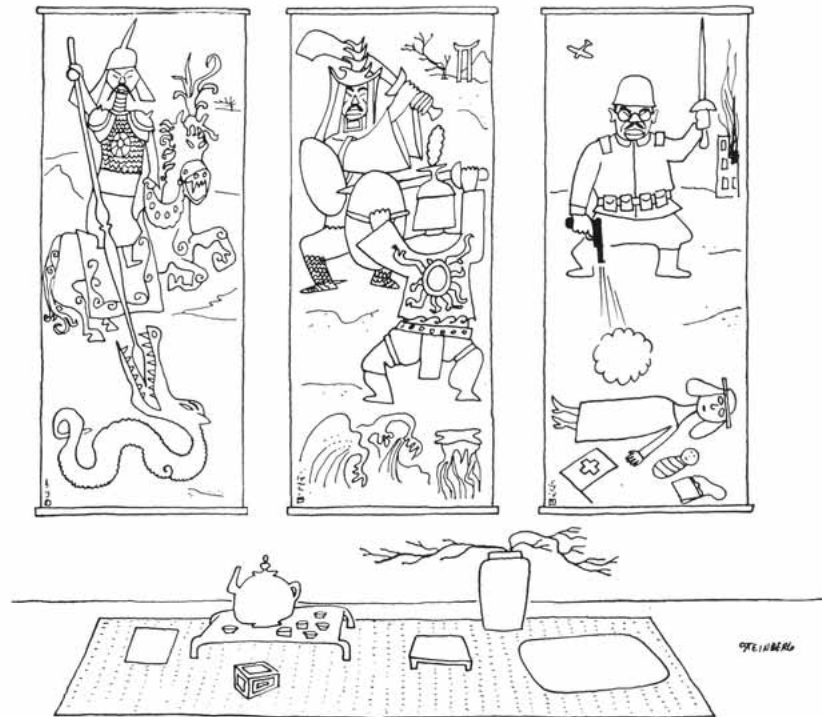
*"Mother, I'd like you to meet a member
of the armed forces."*



"One check?"



"It came last week. It's the only word we've had from the dear boy."





*“Don’t you think it’s wonderful how
John’s Other Wife is taking the war?”*





*“Get a load of this! The prohibition mob
is beginning to operate again!”*



THE NATIONAL CAPITAL
Hotel Desk



“Always start her up gently, Herman, and keep her down to a moderate speed. Take it slow on corners, check your oil and air pressure regularly, and be sure to reverse your tires once a month.”

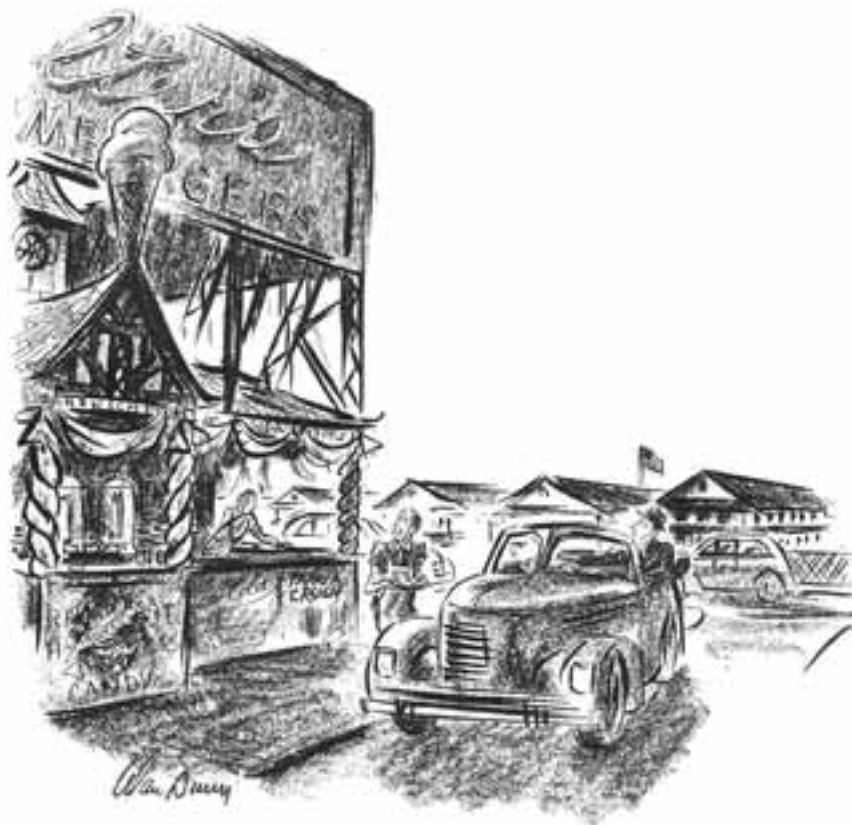


*“But how could the government call them a luxury
when they’re an essential?”*





"The one I'm with is certainly a cluck. He don't know where he's been, or where he's going, or anything."



*"Yes, sir, it's hard to believe that six months ago
it was just a blueprint."*



"I tell you, Mamma, the blood keeps going to my head."



“Of course people live like that! I live like that myself.”



*“My, it’s a beautiful day. Print me up a ticket
to the ball game, Joe.”*



*"There's something wrong, Operator.
I'm connected with an interceptor
squadron over Great South Bay."*





“And a hef pond good sirloin for my boy, Sergeant Koppleman.”



NIGHT WATCH

*"I see him! About halfway between Aldebaran
and Sirius—multimotored, and going like hell."*

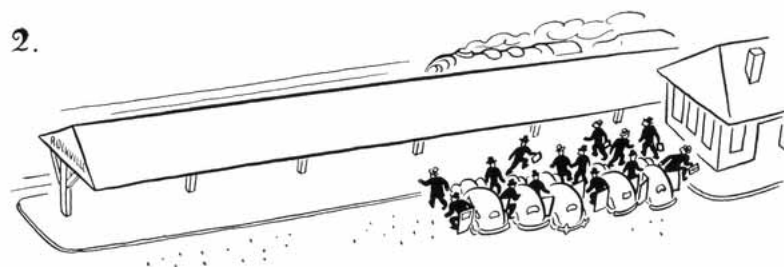
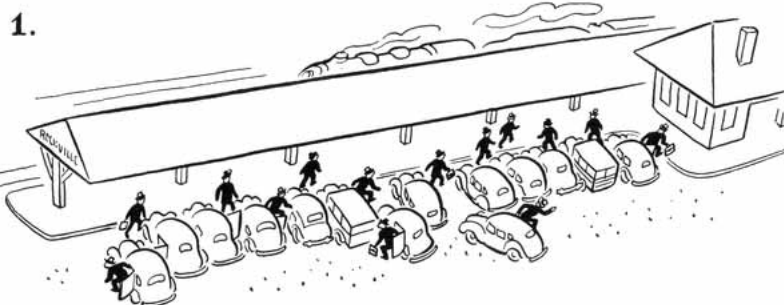




"Give Mrs. Brown two New Zealanders for Sunday dinner."



"This ought to be good."





“What would you suggest for a young lady riveter?”



"I didn't play any holes. I got drunk."





"It's the Times' bulletins every hour on the hour, the Daily News' bulletins every hour on the half-hour, and those damn carrier pigeons in between."



“What was that last crack?”



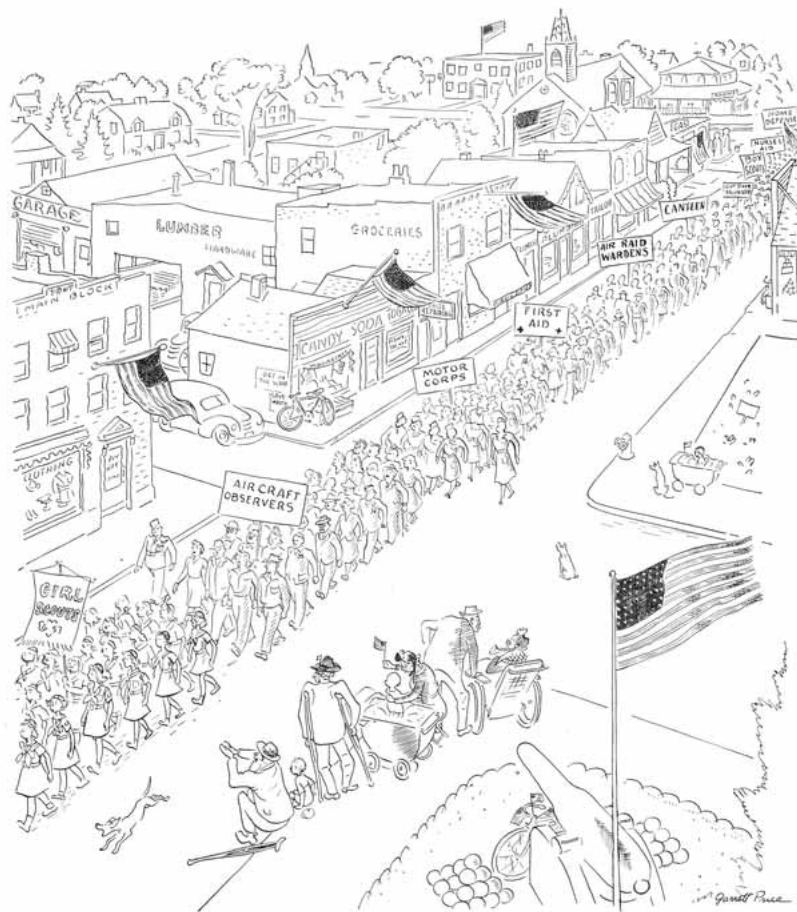
"Lawsy me!"



“In Russia the sergeants respect the privates.”



*“Why don’t you tell him about
the officer you gave the cigars to last Christmas?”*





NIGHT WATCH

"He hasn't been able to get any cartridges for it yet."



"Ah, Miss Bergdall, your headache seems much better!"



“Hey, what country is this?”



"Would this obligate me for foreign service?"



THE READING PUBLIC

TROTTER, William Trevor ("Red"). Born January 23, 1924. College: Princeton. Ambition: To learn enough math to get an "A" from Mr. Murrie. Sports: Junior-varsity soccer team, 1938; 3rd place, hundred-yard dash, Pottsville-Middleton

track meet, 1940; football squad, 1941. Clubs: Le Cercle Français, El Círculo Español, Alpha Gamma Gamma. Attaboy, "Red"! You'll go far if you don't get mixed up with any blondes. (Are ya listenin', Ethel G.?)



*"I always have the feeling these days that we may
be seeing them for the last time."*



“Matinées, I suppose you’d better say ‘witches.’”



*"She says she can't make up her mind whether to go
on after her M.A. or take up spot welding."*



“Now this is our very newest. It’s called ‘Courage.’”





“The chief doesn’t think this ‘Citizens’ Morale High’ story should run next to this ‘U.S. May Confiscate Private Autos’ story.”



“One of the first things you’ll have to learn around here, Larkin, is that you’re not free to come and go as you please.”



"The house does wonderful on that one."



"He can't remember his name, Sergeant. All he remembers is he's somebody pretty damned important."







"And now, kiddies, Uncle John and the funnies."



"It's Junior. He wonders if you can meet him near the bridge on Cold Ridge Road with a gallon of gasoline."



"It isn't that Macy's dislikes Gimbel's, it's just that Macy's prefers to upholster its chairs with its own fabrics."



*"The guard house is straight ahead, but I tell
you right now there's been some mistake."*





NIGHT WATCH

"I wonder how long he thinks a cat nap is."





“... and then sometimes we’d go on long hikes in the woods and then we’d sit around and tie all kinds of knots and sometimes we’d rub two sticks together and start a fire and . . .”



"Let's each make a little bet on what the residuary estate will come to after taxes."



"Is there any change in the petits-fours situation?"





"I understand the food is only fair and the recreational facilities somewhat limited, but there's a large Army post nearby."



*"No, no, darling! First get his ration card,
then enter him at Groton."*



"It's not that important, Mamma. It's more like I got promoted to be Mr. Feinschreiber's assistant in the shipping department."



THE NATIONAL CAPITAL
To See Mr. Nelson

Gluyas Williams (6/13/1942)

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*“... and then for three years before enlisting
I worked for the A.&P. Why?”*



“Not so fast! Watch where you’re going! Look out for that crossroad! Don’t keep your foot on the clutch!”

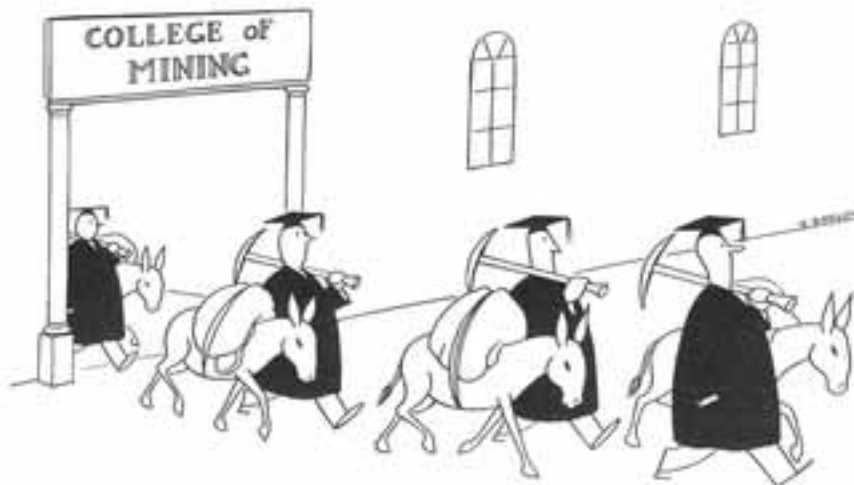




"It seems to have gone downhill terribly—last summer they always put a teaspoonful of sherry in the consommé."



*"I'll have to hang
up now. I think I hear
my water running over."*





"Mrs. Choate's just fine, thank you. How's Mrs. Delano?"

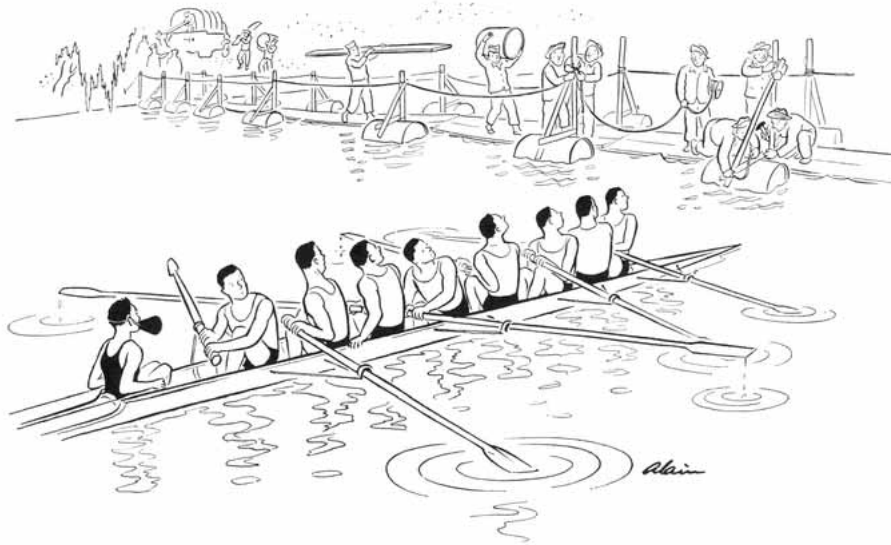


“You know what? I’m studying Spanish.”





"I'm certain I'd remember if I'd done it."





“Do I have to pay overtime if I didn’t read the book?”



Herr Doktor Goebbels institutes a weekly review of the press

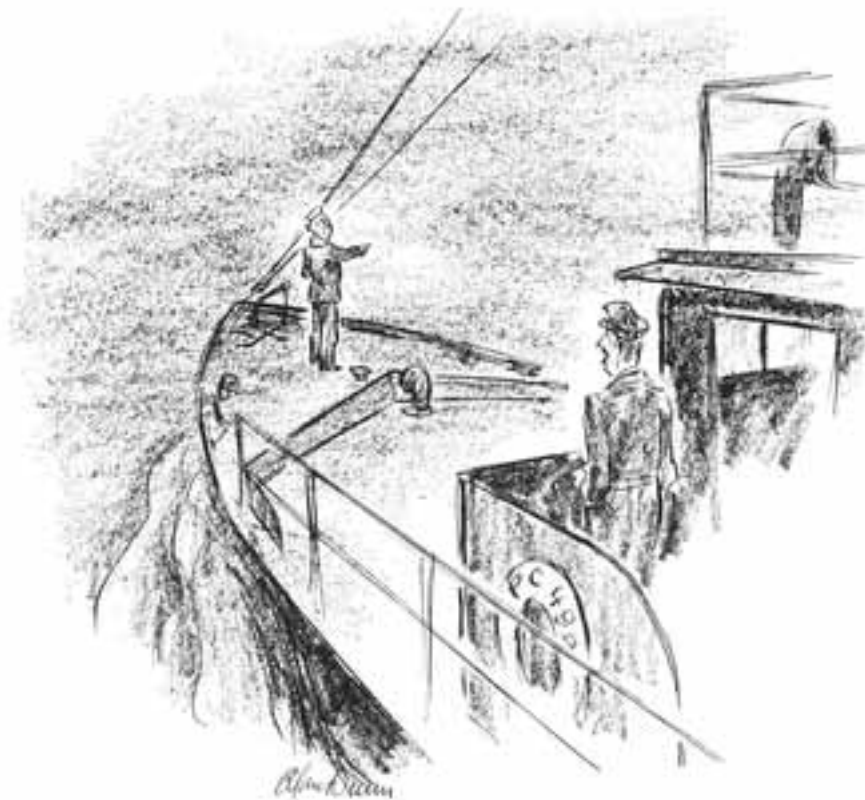




“Wait a minute, can’t you? I’ve only got three hands.”



"May we be excused for a few minutes, Mamma? I want to show Miss de Walden the new septic tank."



“Just say ‘Broad on the starboard beam,’ Peters. Don’t point!”



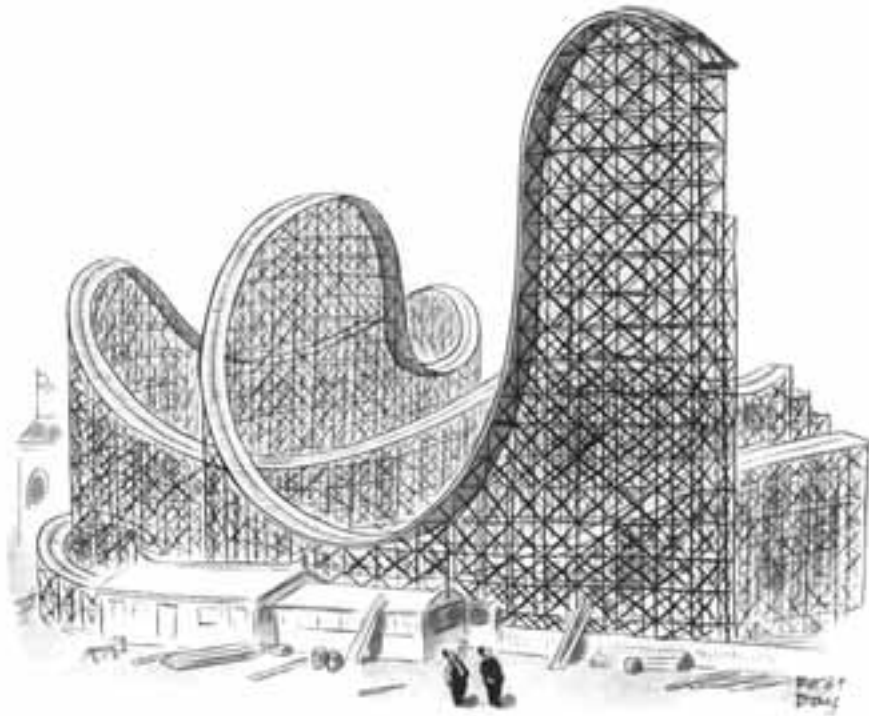


*“Now don’t back down. George told me
the Yale Club wants women.”*



“Yeah?”

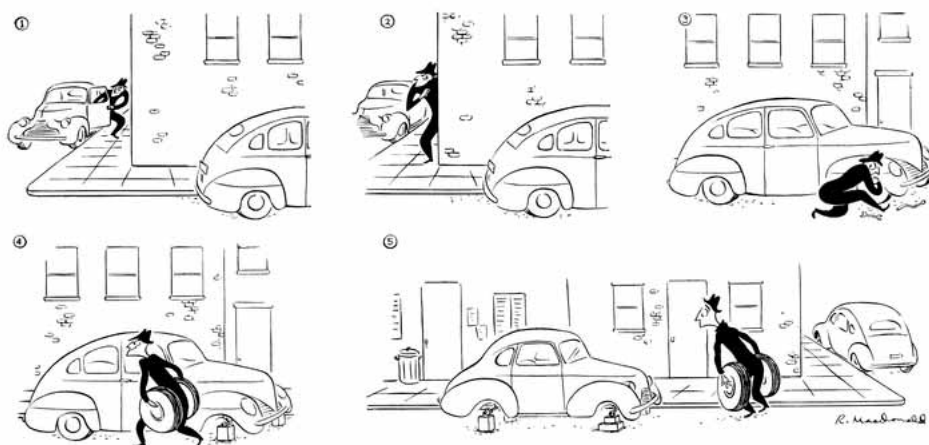
“Yeah!”



"We got this far and then we were frozen."



*"She's wonderfully efficient. I
wouldn't trade her for an X card."*





NIGHT WATCH
Plane or truck?



"Do you suppose I really could jolly my husband into the Black Hills?"





"They're certainly in for a rude awakening one of these days."



"Damn it, I came here to forget the war!"



"Watch out for his free hand."



THE NATIONAL CAPITAL
Rumor Hour

Gluyas Williams (6/27/1942)

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"I'll bet you wish your mother was a grease monkey."





*"Happy Fiscal Year to you,
Happy Fiscal Year to you,
Happy Fiscal Year, dear J.B.,
Happy Fiscal Year to you."*



“Don’t be a goon. Probably all he’s after is your tires.”



"Well, it looks like a buttercup to me."





"I got so much out of your little talk. When the war is over, I'm going to give an enormous party, and I want you to come."



*“Just about this time we’d be getting
those American schoolteachers.”*





*“Before folding it, of course, one should remember to
take the little fellow out.”*



*“I don’t mind if they mention
the war—if it doesn’t interfere with the story.”*



“Why shouldn’t I use it? There’s a good fifty miles left in these tires.”

PARADE . . . 2 P.M. (1 OF 6)
(Marchers will assemble at 1:30 sharp)



PARADE . . . 2 P.M. (2 OF 6)



PARADE . . . 2 P.M. (3 OF 6)



PARADE . . . 2 P.M. (4 OF 6)



PARADE . . . 2 P.M. (5 OF 6)



PARADE . . . 2 P.M. (6 OF 6)





*“What’s become of Mr. Bradley?
Has he gone off by himself again?”*



NIGHT WATCH

*“For heaven’s sake make up your mind, Harriet—
Mitchell Field is waiting!”*





"Probably got flaws in 'em."





*"I liked the music, all right, but the commercial
seemed awfully long."*



"Mind if I ride along for company, Mister? It gets pretty lonesome out here these days."



*“Roosevelt he oppressing terrible—
peace if overthrow—revolt please!!!”*



"I make it myself."

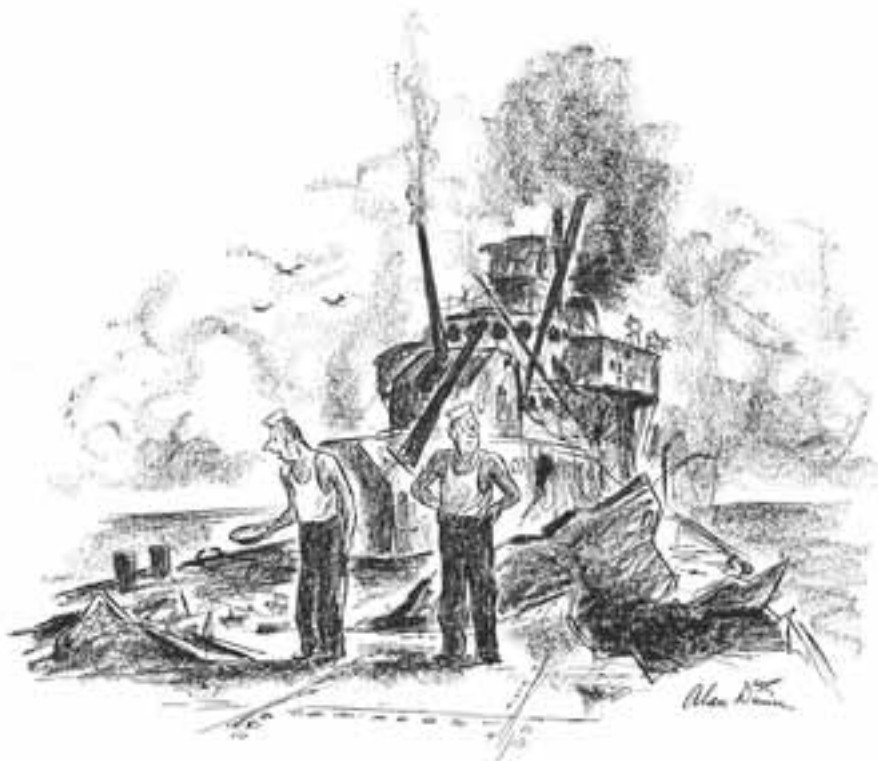


“Of course, gentlemen, you will find Famous Pictures always ready to pay a reasonably fabulous price for a successful Broadway production.”



"I'm sorry, Ma'am, but they don't come in unbleached muslin."





“Kitty, kitty, kitty—here, kitty.”



“Just put it down anywhere.”



"I had quite a time persuading the Smithsonian to give it back to me, as you may imagine."



THE READING PUBLIC

Zostra and Professor Dimitroff have been marooned on the Planet Xion by The Octopus, who plans to DESTROY them with his Remote-Control Atom-Smasher.

Jim Randall learns of The Octopus's scheme by means of Queen Duna's Hypnotic Thought Recorder and starts to the rescue in his Solar-Energy Stratosphere Ship, promising to keep in touch with

her by means of the Cosmic Cable. But Queen Duna's Prime Minister, Zarcon, has secretly removed the Helicopter Space Rudder and substituted a powerful MAGNET.

Suddenly, Jim Randall realizes that the Solar-Energy Stratosphere Ship is being irresistibly drawn toward the mineral deposits of the dread Planet Kaal, where there is no AIR to BREATHE...



“He’s really awfully attractive, for twenty-eight.”



*"I'll say one thing for the Texas, they used to always
put nuts on the sundaes."*



"Thank you, but I think I can manage."





"It was sweet of you to let me bring my car pool!"



"Naturally I wouldn't have gone A.W.O.L. without a very good reason. I just happened to hear that Lord & Taylor's was having a clearance sale, and . . ."



*“You’re to take this next door, give it to the doorman, and say
it’s for the gentleman on the nineteenth-floor terrace who’s
fond of sun-bathing.”*



*"I always try to be cheerful when I write home.
The folks are having a pretty tough time, with
gas and sugar rationing and blackouts and all that."*





“Want to try a Myrna Loy mouth, Mrs. Poindexter?”





"No, I don't want to sell my vacuum cleaner."



“Mr. Hardwick is on the telephone, Madam. He says he’s calling from that farmhouse with all the willow trees in front of it, and his bicycle has a flat, and he has been unable to thumb a ride. He wonders if we possibly have enough gas to send for him in the station wagon.”





"The way I see it, the Nazis got about as much chance as we have."





"Hello, paleface!"



THE NATIONAL CAPITAL
Senate Gallery

Gluyas Williams (7/18/1942)

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"And now look—no cuffs!"



"Polly wants a cracker, sho-nuff."



“Let’s see—is brandy good or bad for your morale?”



"I agree that you're worth more than you're getting, Wilkinson, and all I can say is that I wish the firm had more men like you."





"No, Ma'am, they don't come in 'tween-teen sizes."



"Sh-h!"



*“Oh dear, the war seems to be going everywhere
Herbert and I went on the Empress of Britain!”*





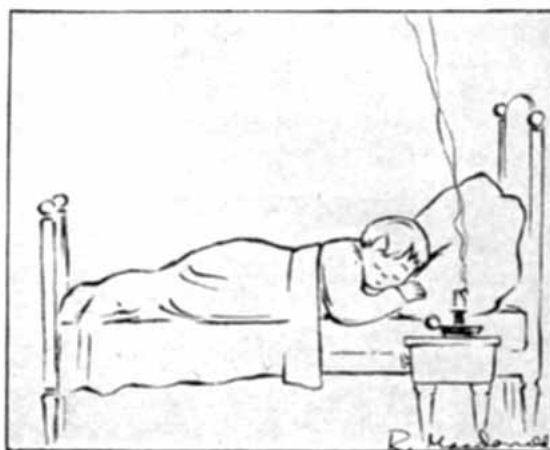
"It's just like a radio serial—my daughter's husband deserted her, Father lost his job, and my son here is A.W.O.L. because he had to see me before I go to the hospital for a major operation."



"Well, Struthers, I guess we've gone just about as far as we can in basic English."



*"In first-aid class today we
learned eleven different ways to poison people."*





"These biscuits of yours certainly are edible, dear."



Robert J. Day (7/25/1942)

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NIGHT WATCH

*Mr. R.L. Van Horn: 2 to 4 A.M. Tuesdays. Also available for
substitute duty on Saturday and Sunday.*



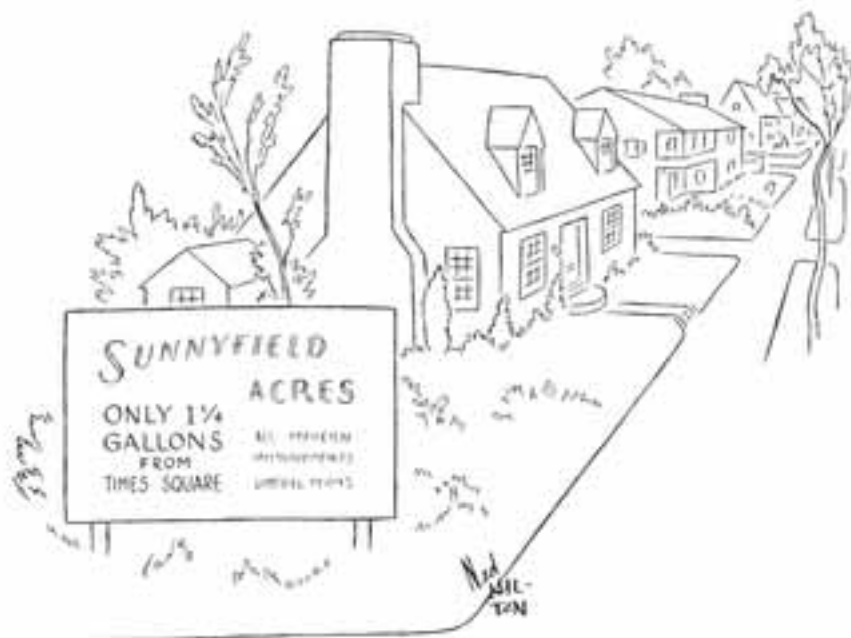
*“West Stockbury? . . . Well, to tell
the truth, I don’t believe you can get there from here.”*



Ill second the motion."



"Yes, sir. I understand, sir."





*"It's from the Sixth Avenue Association.
They want we should call them cravats."*



"They just ran out of gas and stayed on."



"She would fall into a soft spot."



*“Don’t feel bad, Nelson. With normal growth,
you’ll be in there next year.”*



NATIONAL CAPITAL
Airport

Gluyas Williams (8/1/1942)

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"We'll murder them, won't we, Mr. Briggs?"





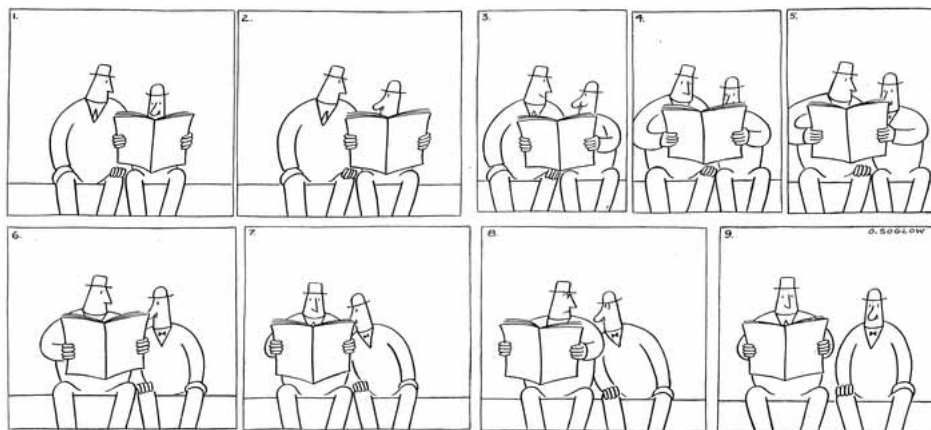
"Do me one favor, will you—stop saying 'entre nous.'"



“Well, you’re not going to try the fireman’s lift on me!”



"Pardon me for asking, Wilkins, but are you an only child?"





“You’re sure this is a lieutenant commander’s uniform?”



Tact is one of your virtues. You meet people well and revel in witty conversation. Why not cultivate an interest in art? Too much emphasis on business matters is the one thing you should guard against. Your interest in the opposite sex makes you in great demand as a dinner partner.



*"It's a bimotored transport. It's right
over Bloomingdale's now, headed for Wanamaker's."*



"I know, but I don't go in unless he buzzes."





"I always mistrust them when they take a lot of prizes."



"He says he's come to give himself up."





*"No doubt about it, P.J. We
face a complete reversal
of our editorial policy."*



"We ought to do something—we can't leave everything to the Red Army, you know."



“Still mad?”



NIGHT WATCH

"Here they are at last. I hope they had a pleasant evening."



“Goodbye, darling. Come home early. Remember, I promised you for the air-raid drill tonight. You’re to be a victim pinned under a pole in front of the A&P.”





"Get ready! Here comes one now."





*“Al certainly leans over
backward to be true to that girl in Scarsdale.”*



"Rest!"







"Is this good for taking stockings off?"



"No thank you, Uncle Harry, but you go right ahead."



“Why don’t you join the Army?”





“Who do I see about being converted to defense work?”



THE NATIONAL CAPITAL
Traffic Circle

Gluyas Williams (8/15/1942)

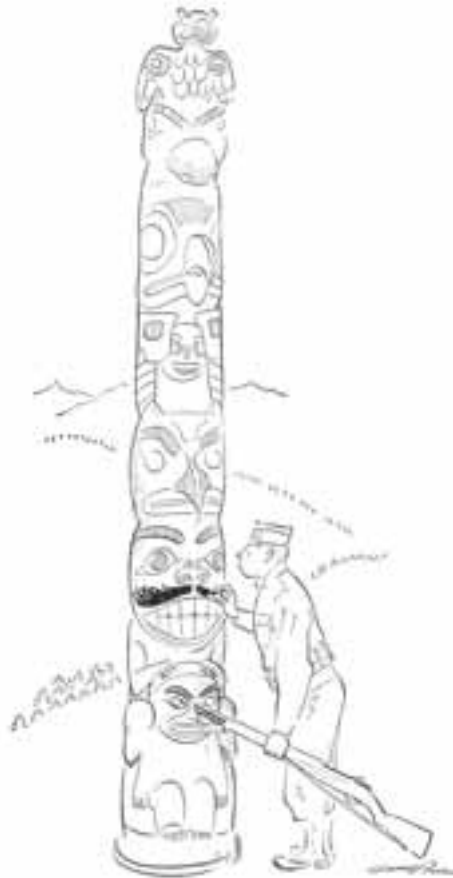
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“Find out who’s in charge.”



"Hello, is this the State Department?"





“And so we bring to a close another round-table forum . . .”



“Welcome home, Colonel Bagley, suh! Welcome home!”



“Hi, Doc!”

“Hi, Reverend!”



"Maybe we could start a rumor that the government is going to clamp down on pottery."



“Which little man saves his money?”



"But whatever will you do with it weekends?"



*“There must be something in Tiffany’s a young ensign
could use on a minesweeper.”*





*"The judge said I was to have
custody of him for six months out of the year."*



"This is just a front, you understand. All I do really is slip sulfanilamide tablets into his drinking water."



"You and your rapierlike wit!"





"I don't know how to break it to Tucker. He's being killed off in tomorrow's episode."



“Wilt thou really have this man to thy wedded husband?”



GOVERNORS ISLAND~I (1 OF 6)



"Do like it says! Do like it says!"

GOVERNORS ISLAND~I (2 OF 6)



“Doctor, this man has a letter from his personal physician—says he has a tendency toward hypertension. But I don’t find it serious.”

GOVERNORS ISLAND~1 (3 OF 6)



"Brace yourself, Maisie!"

GOVERNORS ISLAND~I (4 OF 6)



GOVERNORS ISLAND~I (5 OF 6)



"You missed a butt."

GOVERNORS ISLAND~I (6 OF 6)



"What happened to you?"

"Eyes."



“If everything has a funny taste, don’t worry. It’s just herbs.”



"Mrs. Montgomery, I'd like to present Major and Mr. Vandepeter."



“Everybody in the car! Daddy’s about to step on the starter.”



"To tell you the truth, I feel perfectly wretched."

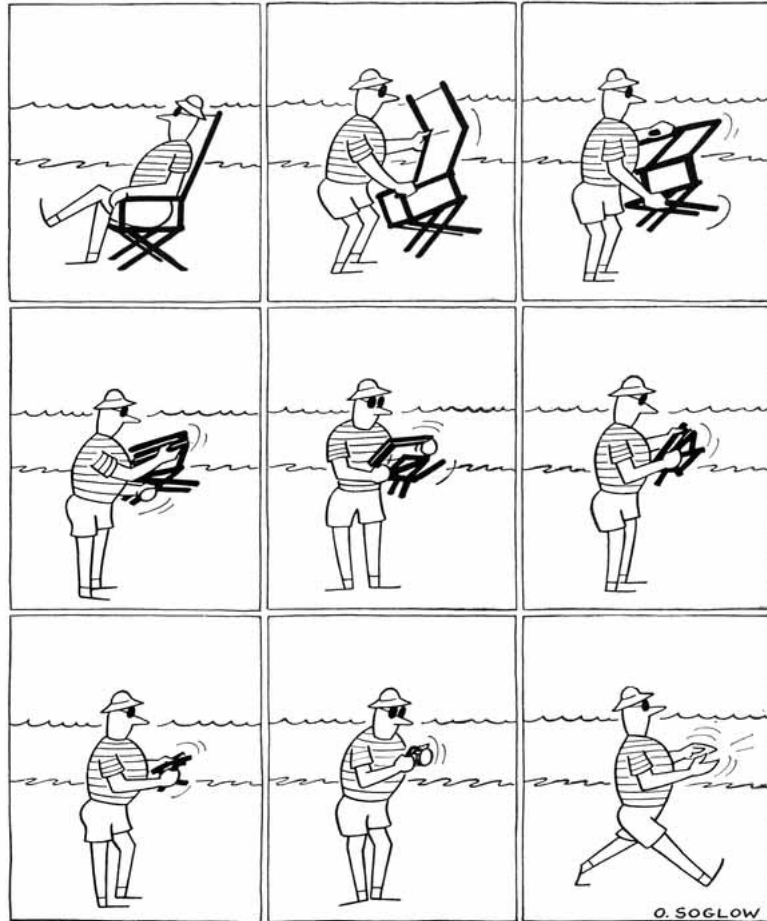


“Mr. Paul isn’t with us any more. Mr. Paul said he was just damn sick and tired of doing permanents, and went into the Navy.”





"I'm sure it would upset Hitler to know how he has brought Larchmont and Mamaroneck together."





"I think he's stopped breathing. What do I do now?"



*“Looks like things will begin to hum now
with that fellow Foch in supreme command.”*



"You gonna listen to me or your conscience? I say you're safe!"





NIGHT WATCH

"Hey, George! Here's a pie! From the ladies' auxiliary of the Horatio Quinn Post of the American Legion."





THE READING PUBLIC

The charming Countess Tchadzhichev, shown here leaving the Colony with her prize-winning Schnauzer, "Fifi," says she owes her eternally youthful skin to a simple cleansing ritual which she performs twice a day, after rising and before she goes out for the evening. It requires only some cracked ice, the juice of three lemons, and the

white of an egg. (The Countess confides that she "nevaire" permits water to touch her lovely skin.) First, she applies the white of egg with an upward and inward circular motion, working from the tip of the chin up to the bridge of the nose. Then, while the newly awakened skin is still thanking her for the delightful experience...



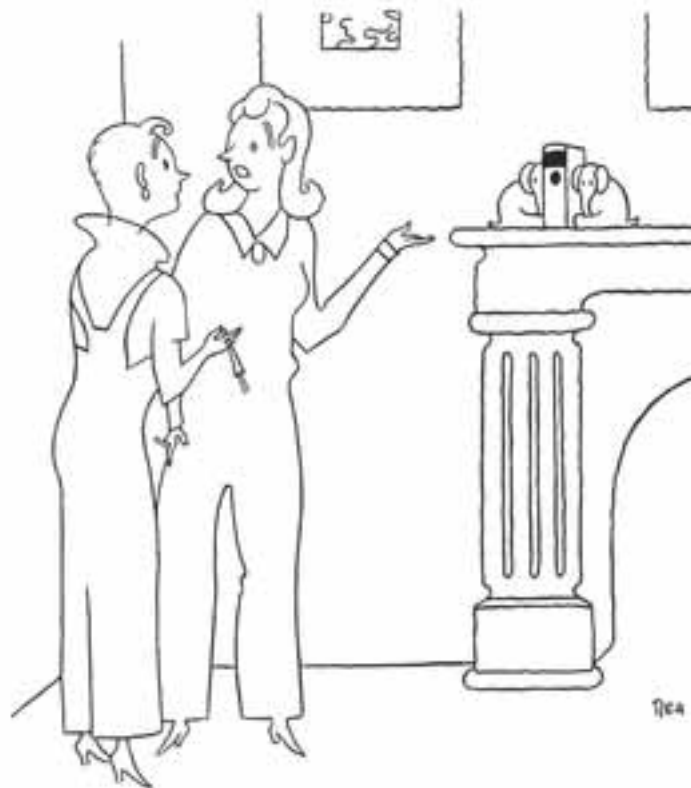
"I said turn down that damn radio!"



*"I believe their name is Krebs.
We only know them to say hello to."*



“Quicksand or not, Barclay, I’ve half a mind to struggle.”



*“But if we gave it to the Victory Book Campaign,
what could we put in its place?”*



*“What a pity! Mr. Grogan took it
on the lam not more than five minutes ago.”*

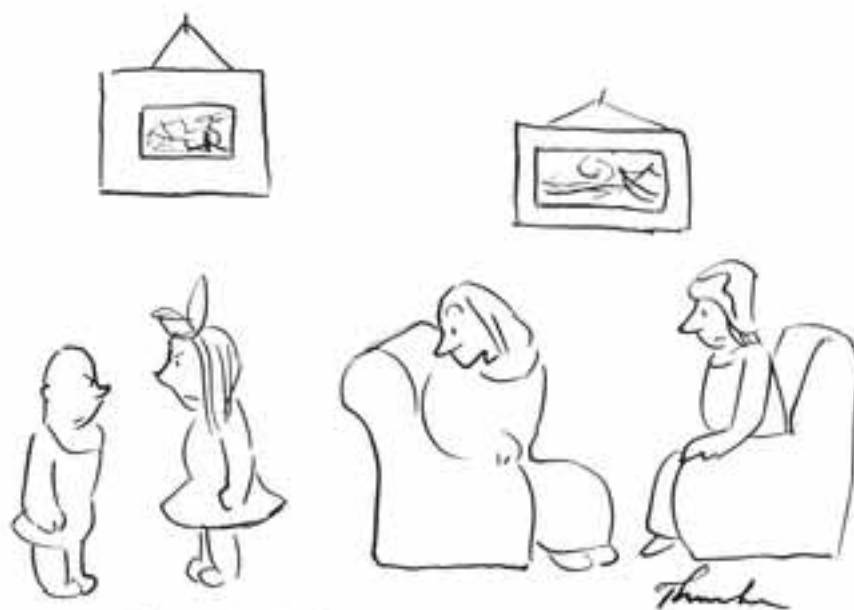


“But isn’t there some sort of mock gin?”





“But I tell you my muscles are simply screaming in protest.”



"Alice can be a little girl Commando in your game, Donald."





"Which Commander Truman did you wanna speak to?"



*“Why don’t you forget it, Henry?
Summer’s just about over anyway.”*





"I tell you they were not three for a penny last March!"

GOVERNORS ISLAND~II (1 OF 5)



"Eyes?"

"Blue."

"Hair?"

"Wavy brown, so I've been told."

GOVERNORS ISLAND~II (2 OF 5)



GOVERNORS ISLAND~II (3 OF 5)



*“Haven’t you any
maple-walnut?”*

GOVERNORS ISLAND~II (4 OF 5)



Oath of Allegiance

GOVERNORS ISLAND~II (5 OF 5)



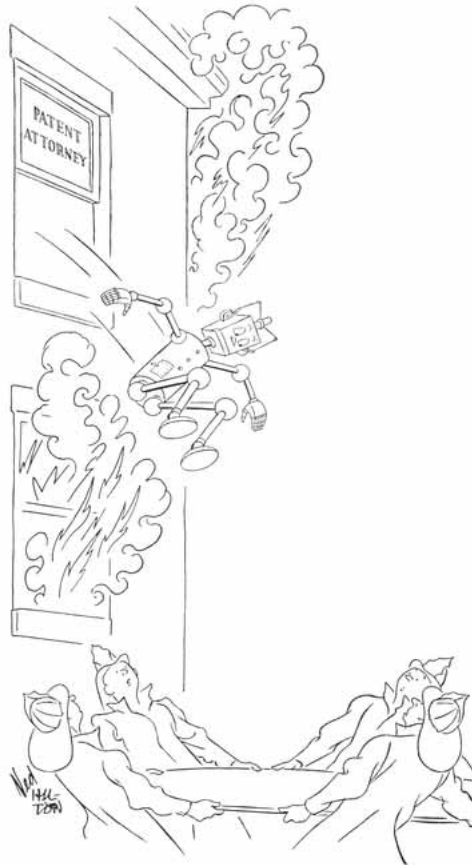
“Any place to get postcards around here?”



“Don’t be alarmed, sir. Just a little precaution we always take.”



*“You don’t realize how sick you are of seeing nothing but uniforms
until you get away from them.”*





“For goodness sake, what is that—a hose?”



"Broaden your interests, make new friends, go out more often, let yourself go once in a while, cancel your subscription to Reader's Digest."





“Well, dear, was it fun playing Indian?”



"It's been taken care of."





“Careful, now—only those in uniform.”



"I want the 'Elsie' changed to 'Mrs. Jack Williams.'"



“Now if I were Oveta Culp Hobby . . .”



THE NATIONAL CAPITAL
Homeward Bound

Gluyas Williams (9/12/1942)

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“Excuse me, but I wonder if you could settle a little argument my friend and I were having. How many leafy vegetables do they give you a day?”





NIGHT WATCH

*"You can't dig clams now.
Don't you know there's a war on?"*





“Oh dear, are we still under the influence of Guatemala?”



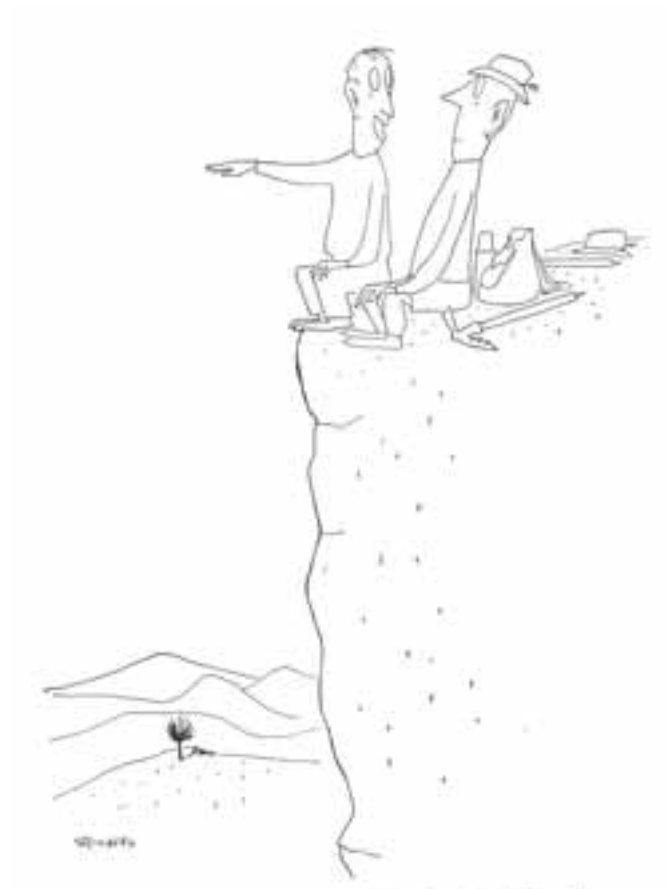
*"Nobby Harris says he'll kill
himself if I don't lend him three dollars."*



*“I wouldn’t worry about it,
Ed—probably something you ate.”*



"I'm sure you won't have any trouble, Herr Muller. If you just remember to change to the cross-town trolley at Myrtle Avenue, you can't miss the Navy Yard."



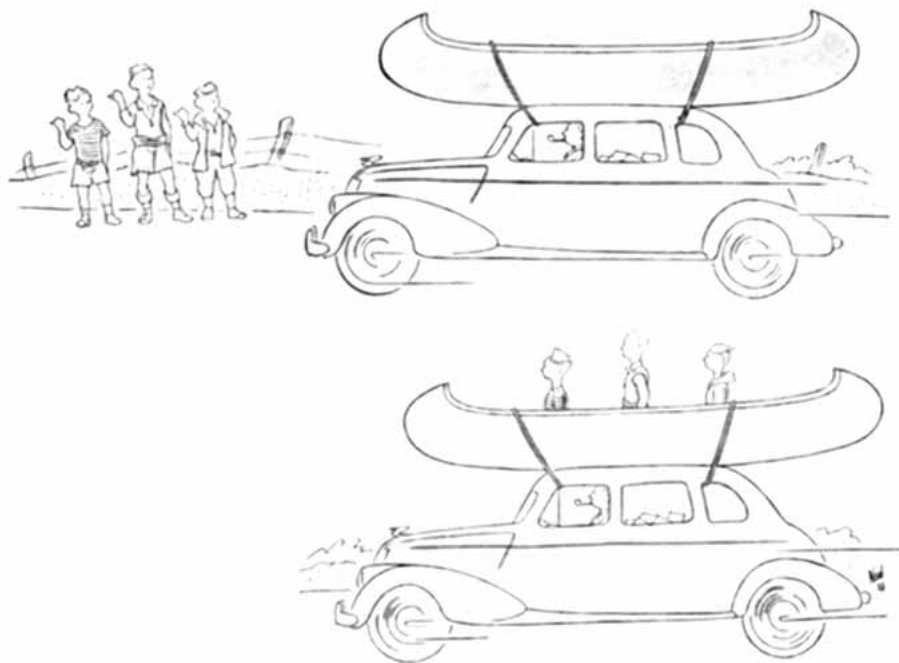
“You’d hardly know my Tommy. He’s about that tall now.”



*"No, dear, put Mamma on! Daddy hasn't
time to talk to your doll baby now."*



"Hold it, Lucy! Here I am."





"I just got damn well fed up with being formal all the time."



"How's about going somewhere and trying traction splints on each other, Miss Bryson?"



*“Why, I understood the
government had made provision for dependents.”*



NIGHT WATCH

"... so then I cut out coffee and went to bed early every night for a week but when I went back the doc said my blood pressure was still a little too high. Meanwhile, I went down to Washington to see this fellow, friend of my wife's uncle, that's pretty high up in G-2, and he said he probably could have done something for me if I hadn't flunked out of college. I had a letter of introduction to a fellow in the Bureau of Economic Warfare, too, but he was out of town, and the hotel finally put me out because my room was reserved for somebody else. Well, to make a long story short, here I am, spotting planes."



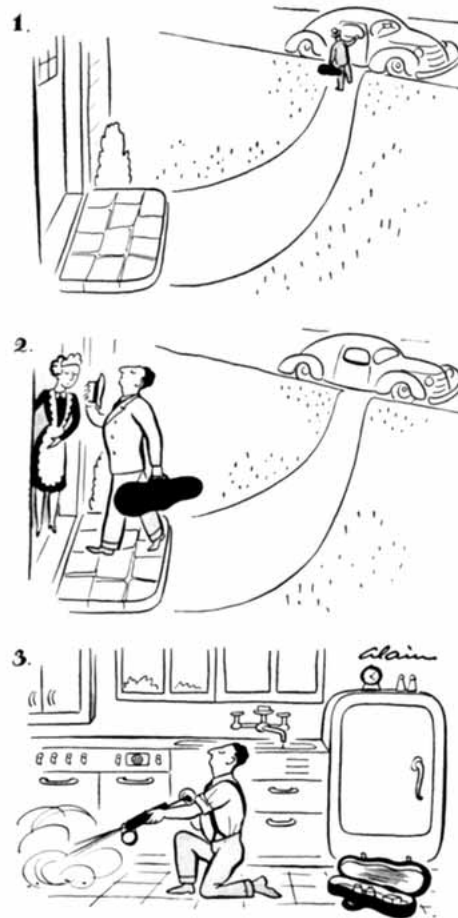
"Harvey, do you really like the Dodgers, or is it just a pose?"



"Friend!"



"Is it just my imagination or is he murdering me?"





*“All right, then it’s not Harris tweed. So
you won’t make Ten Best Dressed Men this year!”*



*"I don't believe I care for anything, thank you.
I'm just in their car pool."*





"I hope you're satisfied, Mister American Tobacco Company!"



"I want to report a tornado."





"Papa!"



*“What’s the matter, Jack? Ain’t
you never seen a burglar before?”*



"The chairman of the finance committee brings very good news. She has just discovered \$66.13 in dues that she meant to take to the bank but never did."





THE NATIONAL CAPITAL
Emergency Structures, or Government Temporaries

Gluyas Williams (9/26/1942)

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“Laissez faire and let laissez faire is what I believe in.”

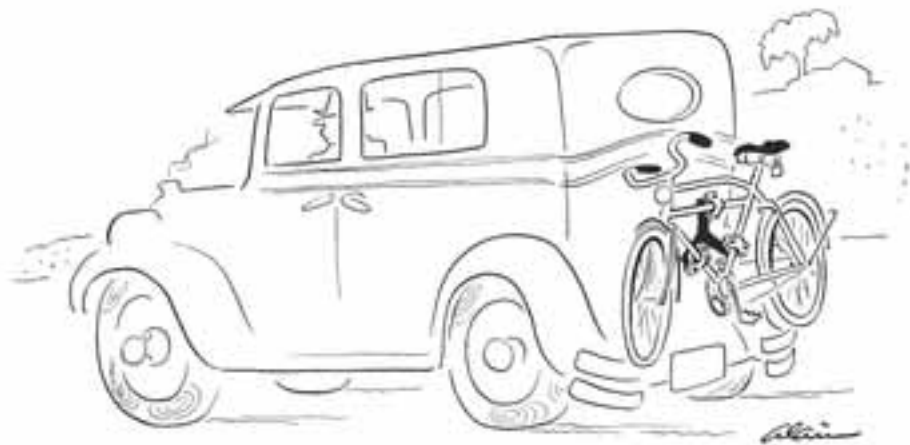




*"I know Lillian's going to have a baby. My cousin's
on the draft board."*



“... so make a habit of straining the drippings from your skillet or broiler into a wide-mouthed container, such as a one-pound coffee tin. Keep it in the refrigerator, and when it is full take it to your butcher. He will pay you four cents a ...”





“To be quite frank with you, this little dress won’t make history.”



"It's a story of love and sacrifice ending in unusually generous alimony."



"They're all in the thick of it. William is in the chorus of 'This Is the Army,' Randolph is in the backfield of the Army All-Stars, and Hubert is stationed at the Astoria studios, making movie shorts."



"Insomnia, Johnson?"



"I wish you wouldn't talk about those Japanese in front of him. He's been repeating some of your words."



“Surely you can’t have misplaced the Eighteenth Armored Division again, Miss MacEldowny!”





*“Of course, it’s hard to tell what a place
really looks like without furniture.”*



"Not even for medicinal purposes?"



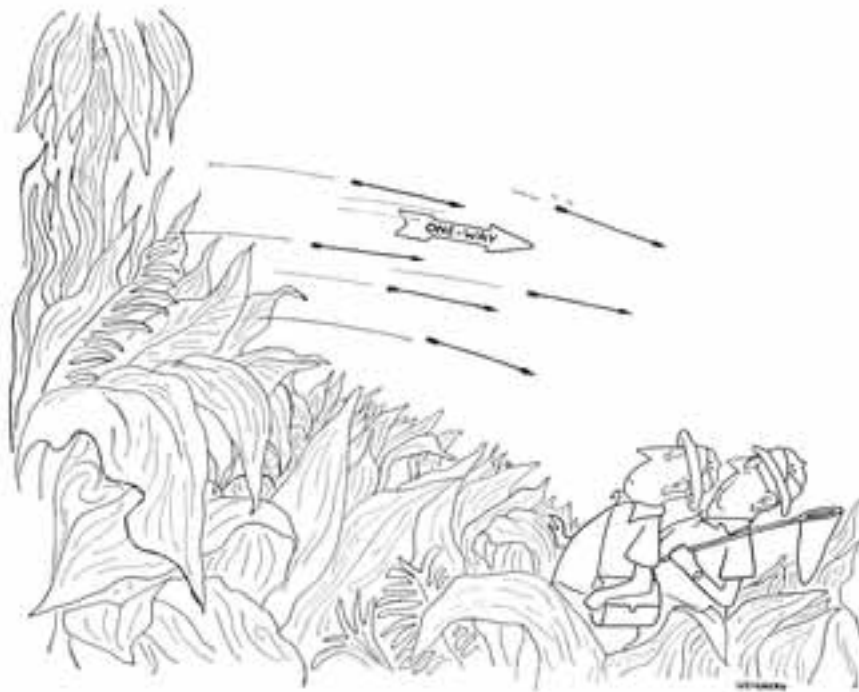
NIGHT WATCH
“O.K., O.K. *We got it.*”



THE NATIONAL CAPITAL
Business As Usual

Gluyas Williams (10/3/1942)

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"I see Aubrey Arden is getting married for the fourth time. That would be a sweet account to have."



“But you can’t put that thing up there!”



“Oh, this manpower survey isn’t for the government—it’s for me.”



*“As I understand it, he made a hell
of a stiff bargain before he turned state’s evidence.”*



*“And around the collar it had the most divine little touch of chartreuse
organdie, matching the grosgrain buttons on the bodice . . .”*



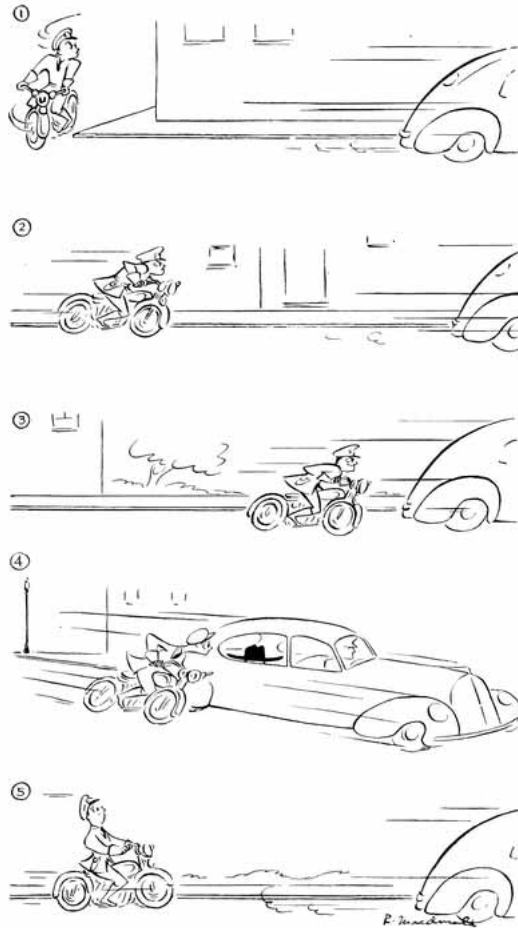
“Tonight I think I’ll go to bed before the murder.”



*“Gentlemen, gentlemen! I’m sure
Mr. Walters will see you both if you’ll just be patient.”*



"... and don't forget behind the ears."





*“Oh, I don’t know—
I just feel sort of out of things.”*



“You got him worried now. He’s afraid he’ll kill you.”



"Here are three more volunteers! I captured them single-handed."

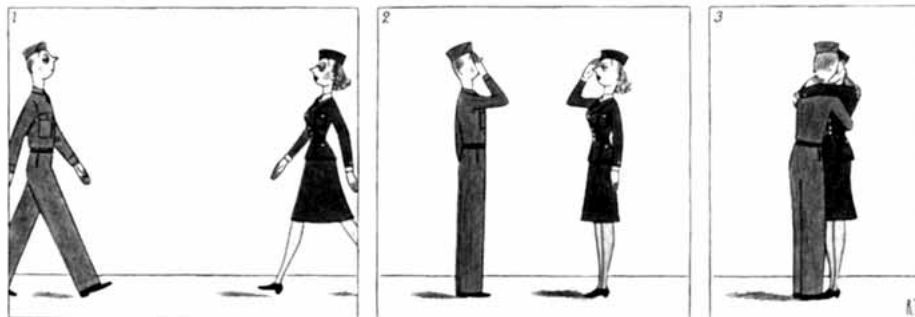




"... and this one is for Coca-Cola."



"This room is a dollar more. You can easily see why."





"No thank you. I don't drink."



“We better call the foreman. Mabel’s welded herself in.”

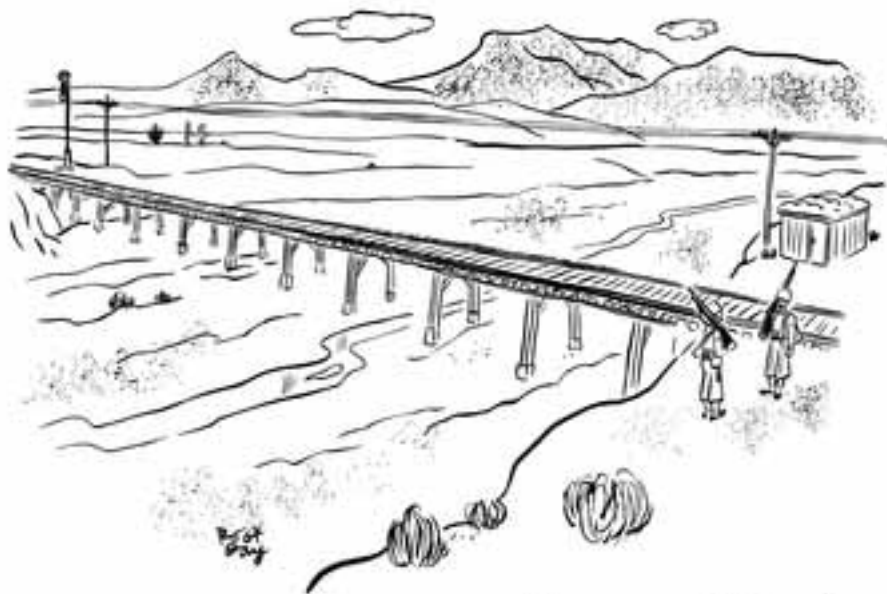


*“I wouldn’t feel too bad about this,
Mac. It all goes to the government eventually anyhow.”*



*"At Richard Hudnut's they like
my face and won't let me do a thing to it."*



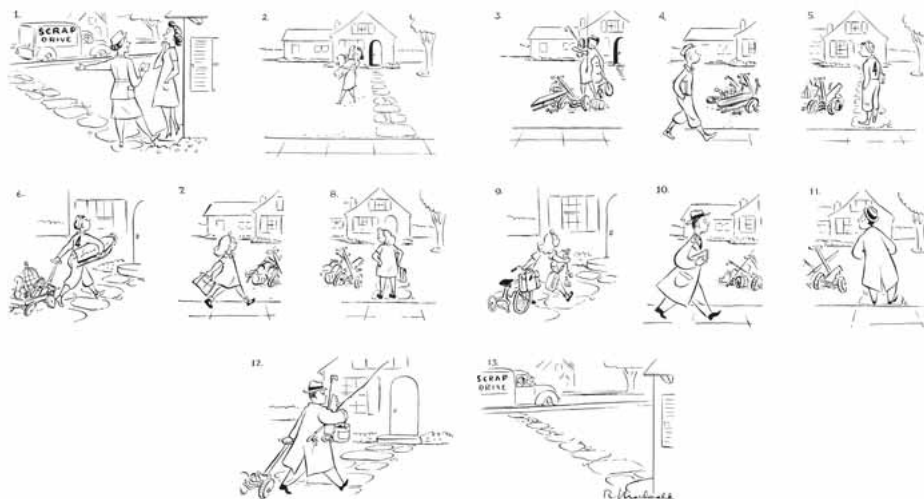


“The sergeant says that if we make good here we’ll be transferred to a big strategic bridge.”





*“Coach, don’t you think it would make a better impression
on the alumni if you paced nervously back and forth?”*





"Gosh, I didn't know there was that much money in the whole world!"



*"It's a blue roadster with some tread showing
on the left front tire."*



*“Now let’s see, which one of you is Old Guard
and which one is American Labor?”*



THE READING PUBLIC

For the purposes of this discussion, it is desirable to separate the purely logical concept of being from the actual fact of existence—without, of course, forgetting that the two are related through the will to be, which manifests itself in the subrational act of willing. Thus we avoid the pitfall presented by the

confusion of I will with I am, though, to be sure, another danger lurks in the negation of I am through the purely pragmatic concept of the will-to-be as part of the will-be. Note, however (Appendix IX, pp. 439-467), that Grüssboscher proceeds on the assumption, erroneous in our opinion, that . .



"For heaven's sake, Herbert, relax!"



"Where is my rubber band?"

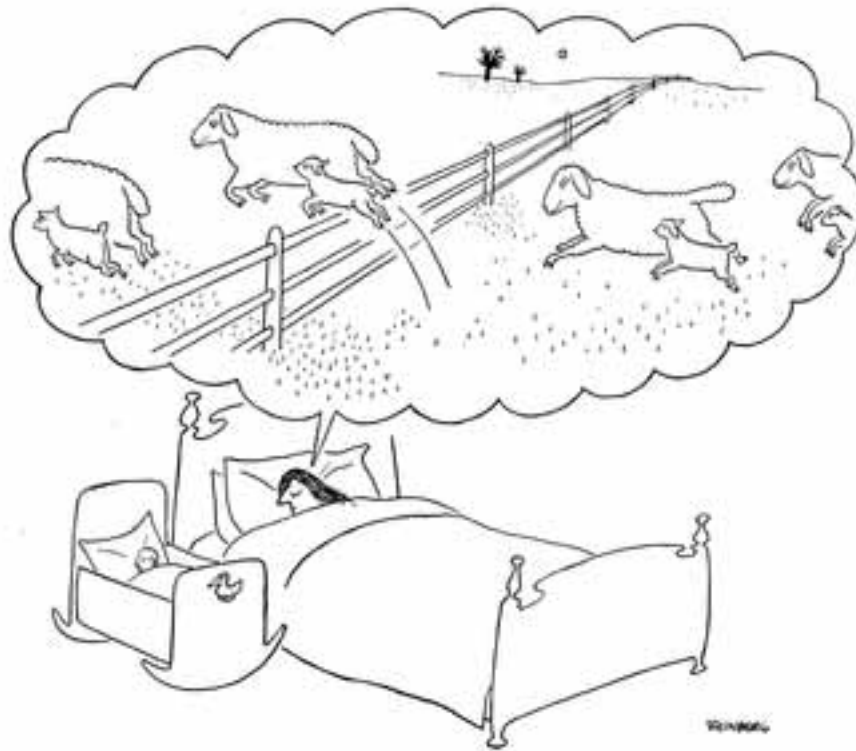


NIGHT WATCH

"Flash. One, single, high, seen, Dudley six four, north, one half mile, east—and he dipped his wing to me!"



"Five hundred bucks! It's outrageous!"





*"I want to surprise my husband with
one of those little red caps that lure deer."*



"And what's the rap if I don't choose to pay the fine?"



“Anything for me personally?”





"Don't misunderstand me. I like them on some men."



THE NATIONAL CAPITAL
Navy Deaprtment



“But Miss Phillips, when you took the part you surely must have known you were going to have an illegitimate child.”



"It's just a gag—nobody really comes."





*"I hate to be a wet blanket, Officer, but I wish
to report my purse has been snatched."*



“And this one sinned by breaking the Eighth Commandment.”



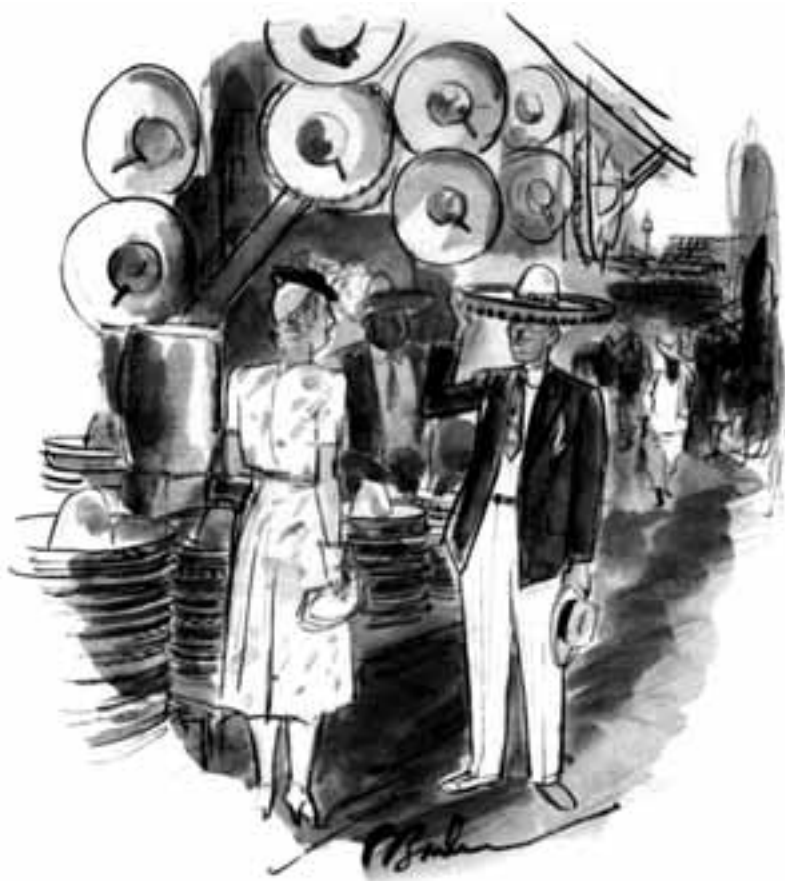
“Once and for all, no! You can not run for Congress.”



“You know, Florence is going to be a ‘Budget Bride.’”

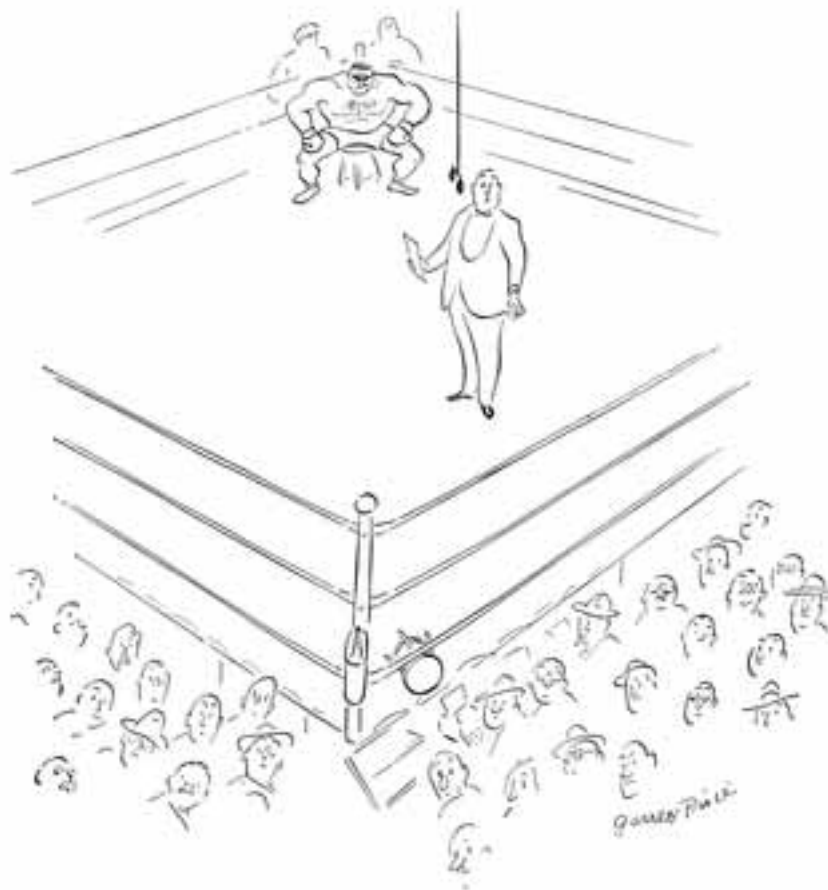


"I'm a little worried about my collateral. Are you sure you're keeping the pressure up to twenty-eight pounds?"



"Darling, it's perfect!"





“... and in this corner we have—er...”





*"Now an ocean spreads out endlessly—
all water—sometimes ruffed by things we call waves."*



"We don't sell them singly, Madam. It breaks up the formation."



"It's marvellous! All you do is add water."



NIGHT WATCH
Officer of the Day



"I want something in which to vote for Mrs. Luce."



"There's Bushnell—poor guy must be confined to quarters again."



“But, Colonel, when you say that life as we know it in Westchester is doomed, surely you mean it humorously?”



*“Mammy’s little baby loves short’nin’, short’nin’,
Mammy’s little baby loves short’nin’ bread . . .”*





*“Can you make any sense out of
this new accelerated course in aerodynamics?”*



*"My wife wants to spend Halloween
with her first husband."*





*"The thing to stress this year, Hutchins, is
that it keeps you warm."*



“Oh, dear! Are you sure this is a must?”



*“So buy a jar of Henkle’s Horseradish
today—at once! They need the money desperately.”*



"Young man, I've stayed at this hotel every year since 1908."



*“Cook says if you can keep
her fairly steady for fifteen
minutes, he’ll try to whip up a soufflé.”*



“Which one of you has been cooling his heels the longest?”



"He says that she belongs to an old Iceland family and that we'd like them very much. Oh dear!"

SMALL FRY
TOTAL WAR (1 OF 7)



Foxhole

William Steig (11/7/1942)

[Return to Main Menu ►](#)

SMALL FRY
TOTAL WAR (2 OF 7)



Commandos

SMALL FRY
TOTAL WAR (3 OF 7)



Espionage and—

counter-espionage

SMALL FRY
TOTAL WAR (4 OF 7)



Dive-bomber

SMALL FRY
TOTAL WAR (5 OF 7)



Tank battle

SMALL FRY
TOTAL WAR (6 OF 7)



Sniper

SMALL FRY
TOTAL WAR (7 OF 7)



Prisoner



“All right, Hartman. That’s your spot.”





THE NATIONAL CAPITAL
National Gallery

Gluyas Williams (11/7/1942)

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“What else can you do?”



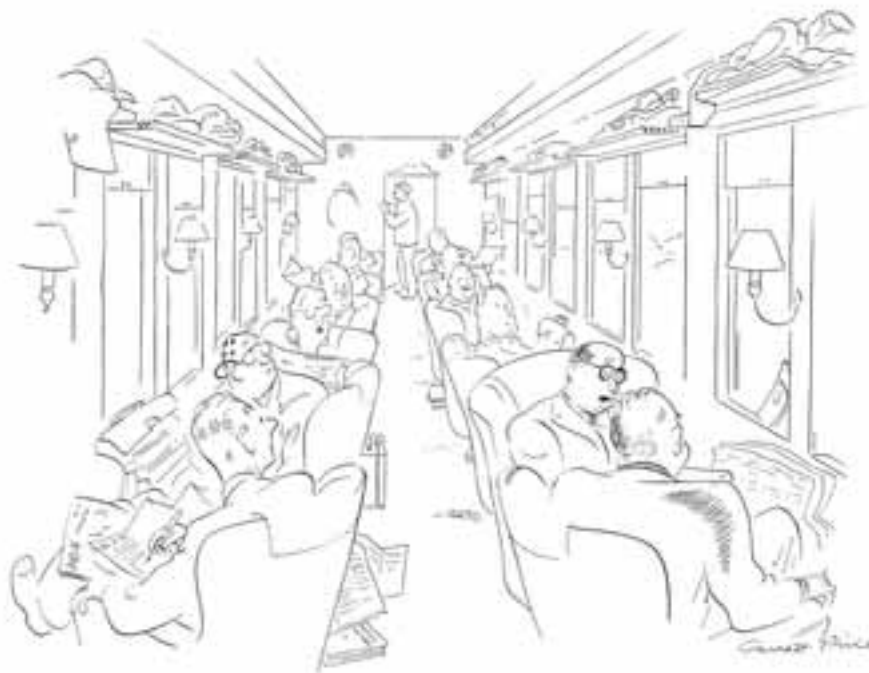
*"I hope mine isn't too tired to jump. I had to ride
him all the way in from Old Westbury."*



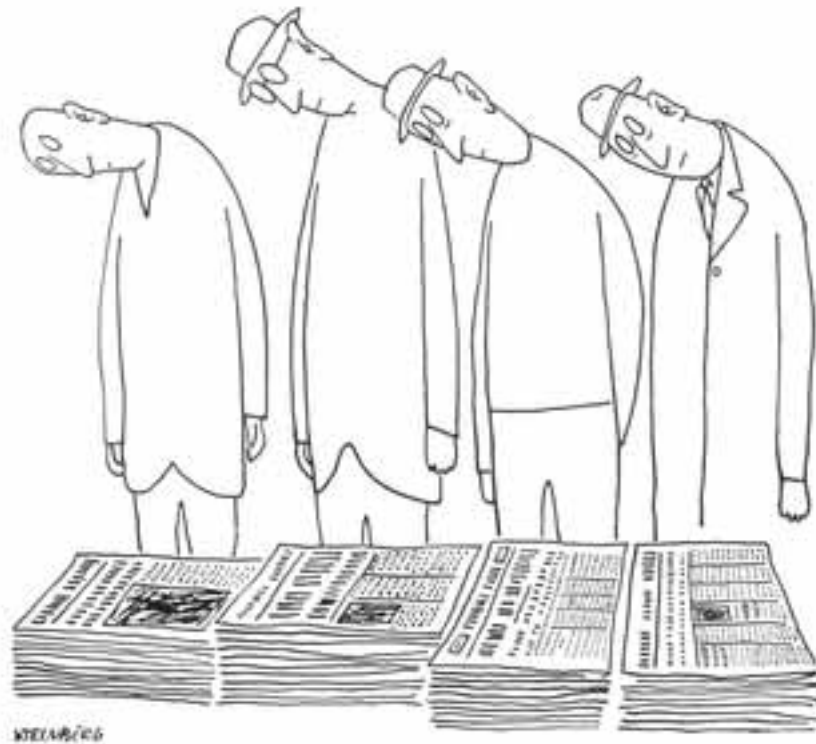




“There, there, now! Perhaps I didn’t give it a fair trial.”



"Oh yes, I've known Donald Nelson for years."





"Gabriel Heatter was every bit as surprised as I was."



"He could be precocious if he'd only try."



*“Hello! Hello! Benito? . . . How
quick can you get to Brenner Pass?”*



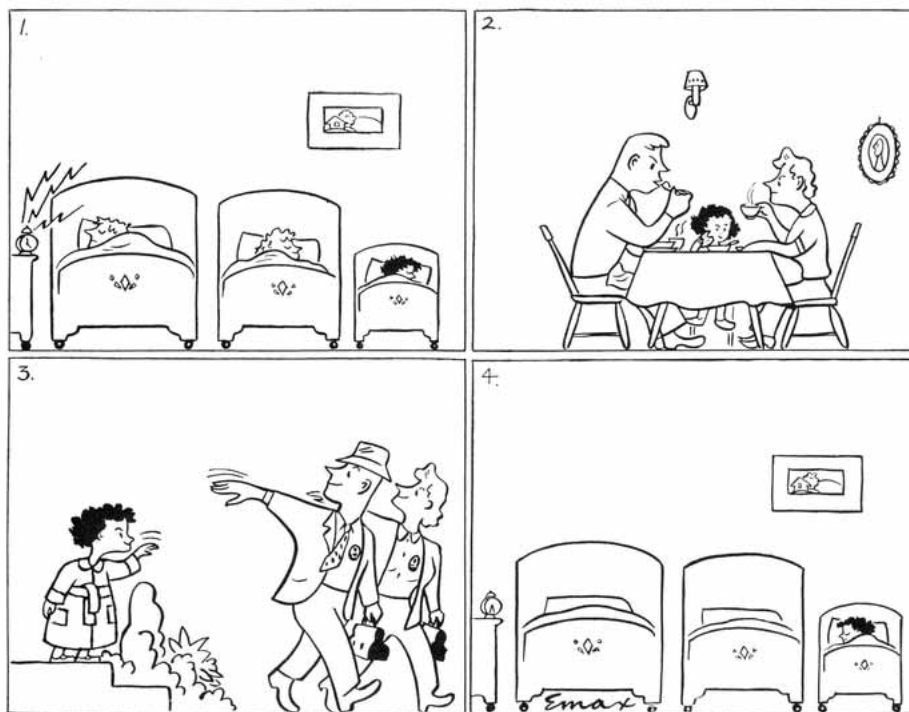
THE NATIONAL CAPITAL
White House

Gluyas Williams (11/14/1942)

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*"I hope you are aware,
Officer, that in court it will be your word against mine."*





*“... and now I think I see something
sticking up out of the water north by east.”*



“What the hell ever happened to the old-fashioned love story?”



"It was about this long and had a monogram 'M' on it."



"I can tell you one thing right now, Hooper. You'll never get ahead in this business until you stop asking 'What is there in it for me?'"



"Are you unhappy, darling?"

"Oh, yes, yes! Completely."



“Mon cher Monsieur from Armentières, par-r-lez vous . . .”





"Do you think a Siamese cat could tip it over?"



“Hey, Mac, can yah spare a cup a coffee for a dime?”



“Looks just about the way I always imagined it would.”



*"Would you fellows mind if I
went out first tonight? My wife's in the audience."*





"... hits the left side of the line and oh, what a beautiful tackle! He was pulled down without a gain. Still Princeton's ball, third and two on their own ...



"... Wait a minute! There's a Princeton man on the ground! It's Number Twenty-eight—Clayton ...



"... They're bending over him now. He's still lying there ...



"... Here comes the Princeton trainer running out on the field ...



"... There, Clayton is sitting up now. He looks pretty dazed. He's being helped to his feet. That's probably all for Clayton. Yes, that's all for Clayton. They're walking him off the field ...



"... but wait! Just a minute now! Clayton is shaking his head, 'no!' It looks like he's saying he's all right! There's the trainer talking to him. He's jogging up and down! And he's going to stay in! ...



"... Yes, sir! Clayton's still in the game! And there's a cheer. Listen to that crowd! Clayton is getting a tremendous ovation! ..."





“Any children?”



"This sure will be a surprise to my folks. They aren't expecting me for another twenty years."



“Want to sell your gas?”



"We were just making a little ceremony of burning the mortgage."



"I don't see how you boys tell each other apart!"



*“He’s still got a lot on the ball.
You’d never guess he’ll be twenty-eight next month.”*



“One-two-three . . . testing . . . testing . . .”



*"Hello, Mother! I got the job and . . .
What's that? . . . Oh, pardon me, I must
have the wrong number."*



*"You were right about my tweeds.
They're going through the war beautifully."*

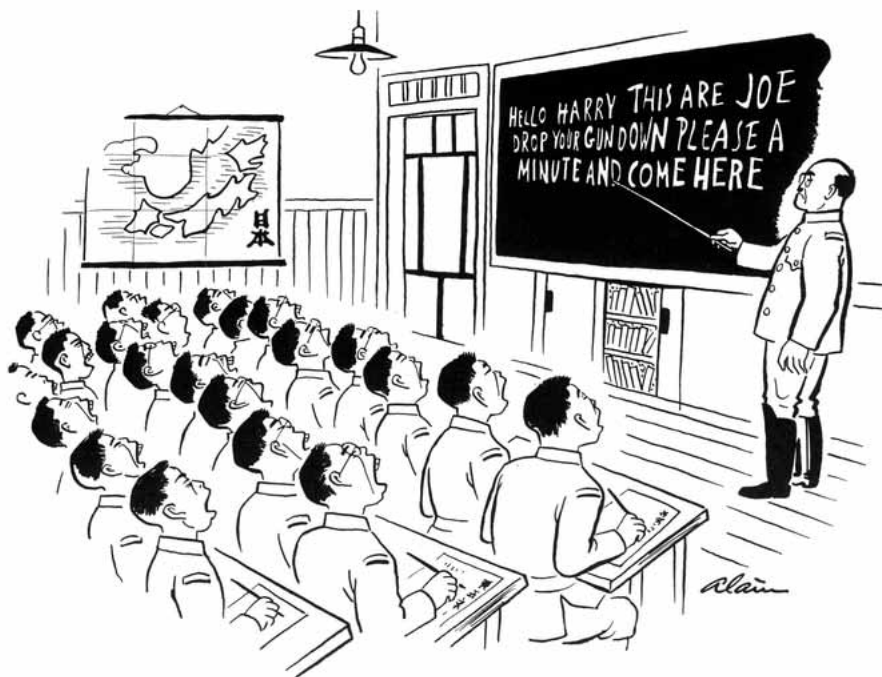




"You say 10,486 and Drummond makes it 11,104—now who am I to believe?"



"I need legal advice—fast."





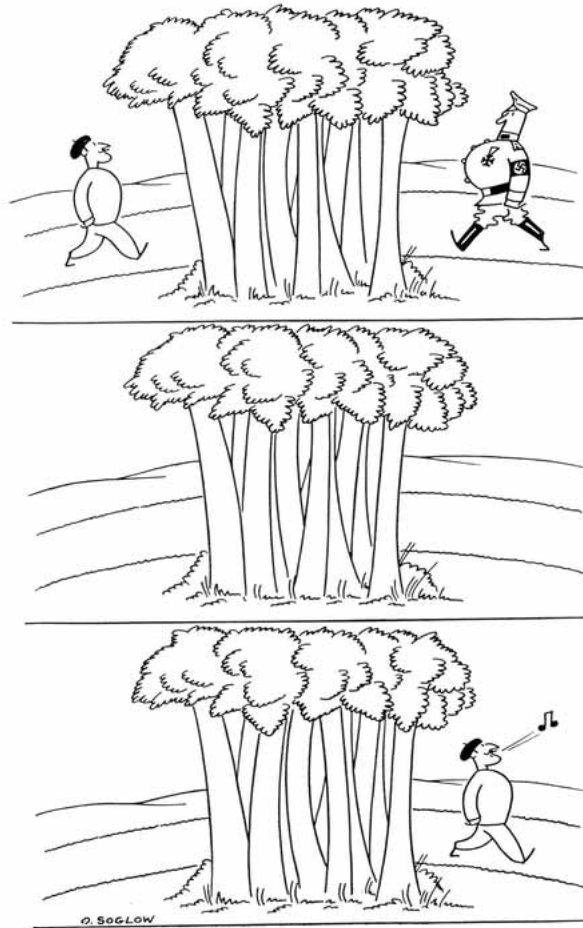
“One thing—you’ve got to hand it to the U.S.O. for trying.”



“Hurrah, everybody! The search for the third witch is over.”



"I know he's a sucker for a right, but so am I."





*“And here is my first dinosaur—makes me feel
like a kid again every time I look at it.”*



*"I hope you'll be sure to tell the
Führer it was a long block."*

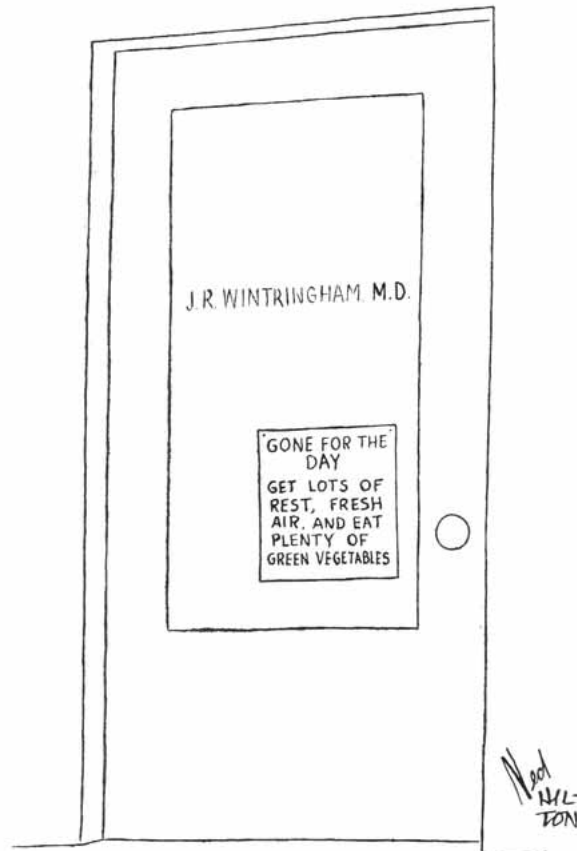


*"I want to devote myself wholeheartedly to the war effort.
I can give every Tuesday and Friday."*



"Two demitasses, please."







"It missed him!"



“Are you sure that’s your natural posture, sir?”

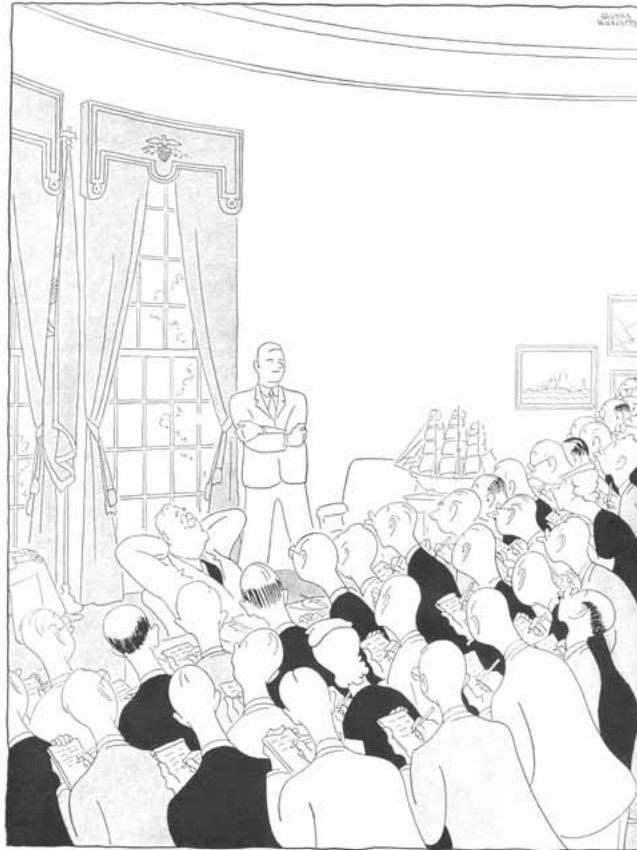




“Quick! Der Führer kommt! Remove that map.”



*“Say, wouldn’t it be a good idea
to keep these 2,000-horsepower F4U’s under
cover until we unload all those obsolete old-type P35’s?”*



THE NATIONAL CAPITAL
Press Conference at the White House

Gluyas Williams (12/5/1942)

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"Now don't everybody speak at once."



"The fact is, we're just keeping open to maintain our good will."



SMALL FRY
Jungle fighting

William Steig (12/5/1942)

[Return to Main Menu](#) ►



*"I'm sorry, Miss, but you'll have to get off
the street—until the all-clear, I mean."*



"Hey, Jack, could you spare a dime for a cup of cocoa?"



“Men, your job is going to be tough this year. You’re facing the most difficult situation of your careers. You’ve got to discourage all metal articles, and anything with rubber in it is out of the question. You’ll have to have a good story made up for children asking for bicycles and tricycles. I particularly want you to push pasteboard and wooden toys . . .”



*“What do you think—should I wade right
into all the occupied countries or just take up Czecho-Slovakia?”*



*"I don't know his sleeve length,
but his neck is about like that."*



"Now, do we all want to come to attention?"

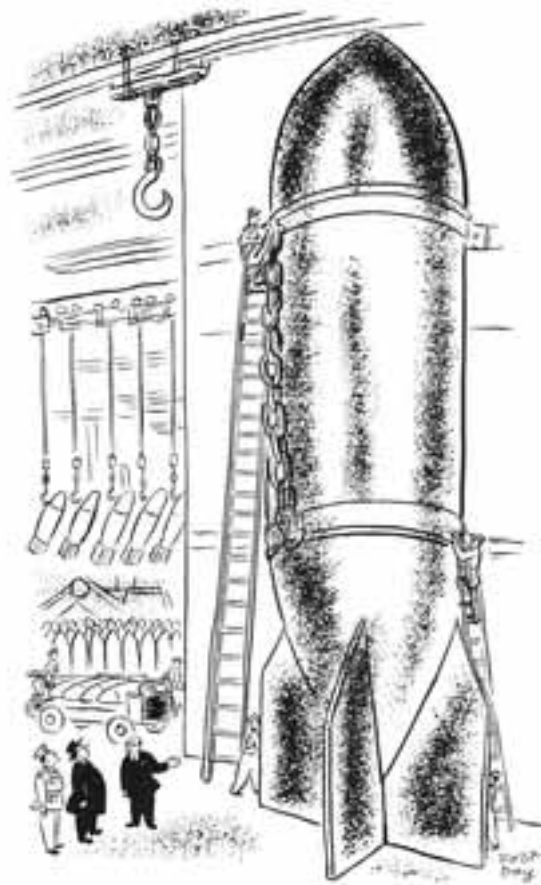


*"I may be an incurable optimist,
but I still think crime could be made to pay."*



"Could he listen to the radio in it?"





*"An armistice, we believe,
will follow a few days later."*



*"As soon as you finish up with those new twenties,
Louie, I wish you'd get to work on my wife's Christmas cards."*



*“You have your choice between
the Iron Cross and a suit of woollen underwear.”*



“Is it really true that he uses his coffee grounds over again?”



“And then a few evenings later when I came home there she was, using our gasoline to clean a dress. Suddenly everything went blank.”



"Fifth floor—toys, Santa Claus, bedlam."





NIGHT WATCH

*“Boy! There’ll be no Pearl Harbor
at Dudley 6-4 while he’s on the job.”*





*“Herbert, that’s positively the last
time Mother wants to hear you say ‘tripe.’”*





*“Walter, do you remember when the one thing
in the world that made you maddest was boondoggling?”*



*“Try that line again, Mrs. Floyd—and remember
that your life is slo-o-owly ebbing away.”*



*"Haven't you something less expensive? He's
just been reclassified 1-A."*



"I'm writing to Aunt Martha, dear. Is there anything you don't want me to tell her?"





"Hey, Joe!"



“Now, don’t tell me what your rank is, Bobby. Let me guess.”





“There you go again, Ufti—eyes always bigger than your stomach.”



“Have you something like this that’s not too durable?”



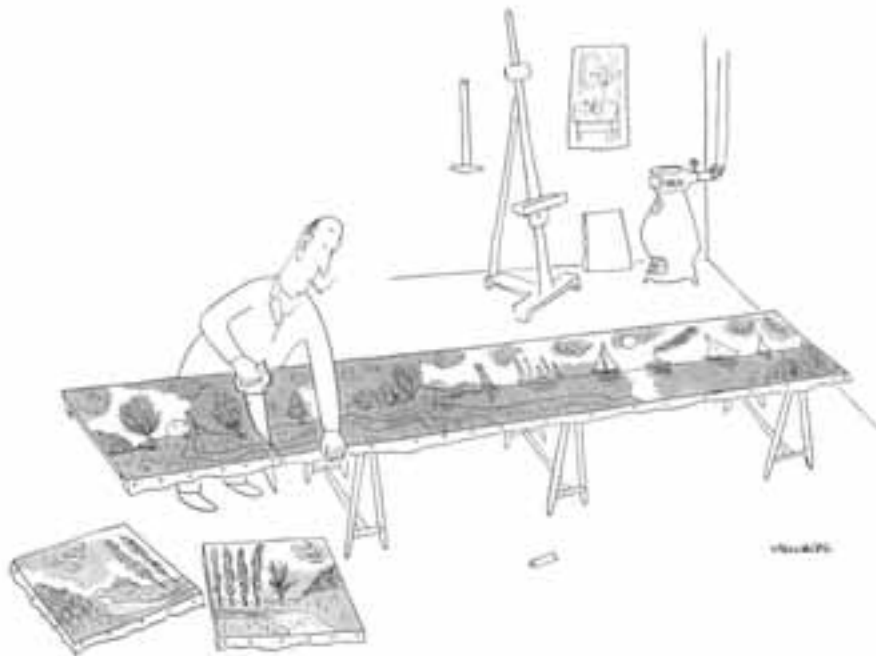
THE NATIONAL CAPITAL
Hotel Lobby, 8:55 A.M.



*“Pardon me, but can you direct me to the
Hotchkiss Tool and Die Casting Company?”*



SMALL FRY
Chemical warfare





"You'd think he'd of left a tip."

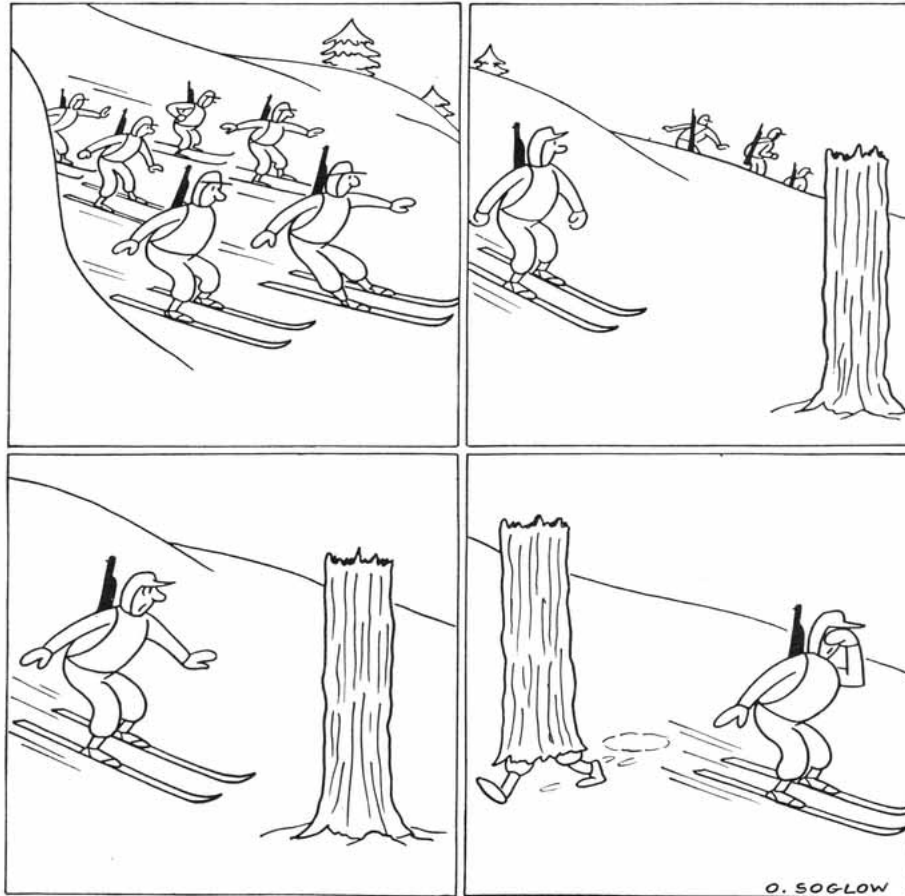


“Just what do they mean by ‘untouchable’?”



*“Are you sure these are regulation? It’s
for a lieutenant stationed at 90 Church Street.”*







“By far the worst Santa Claus this store ever had.”



"Where do I get something for a man in 4-F?"







"Grandpa!"



Constantin Alajalov (12/26/1942)

[Return to Main Menu](#) ►



“Now then, I want you to come out fighting, use your knees in the clinches, never break clean, and no hitting above the belt.”



"Be careful. The place is simply lousy with mistletoe!"



“All right. Now, this time you be the speeder and I’ll be the cop.”





“Now admit it, isn’t this much more fun than some old bar?”



“Just a moment—I’ll ask the questions!”

George Price (12/26/1942)

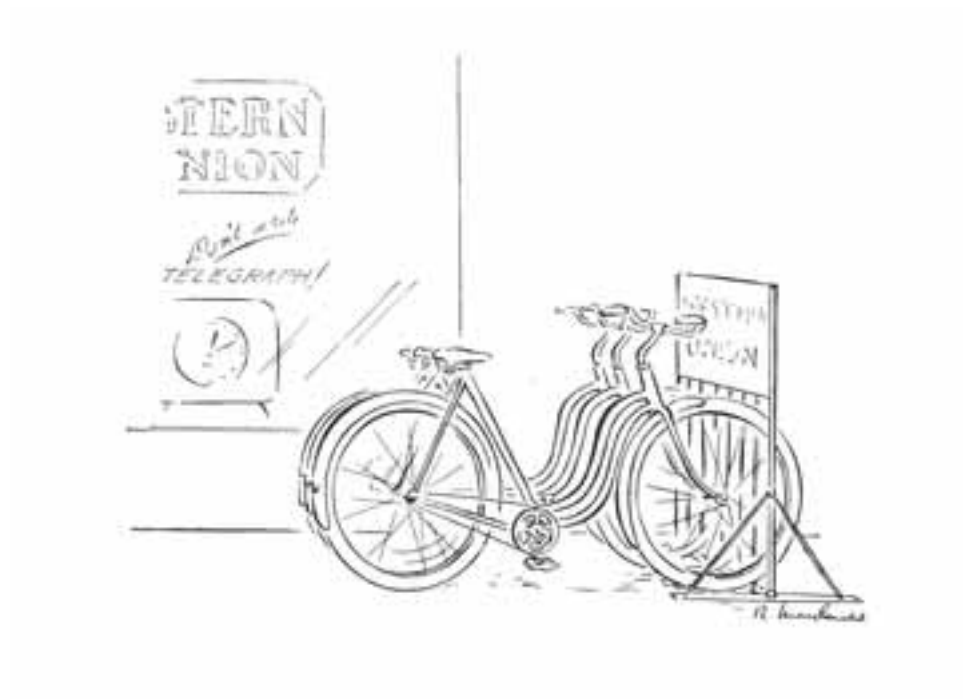


"Go right up, sir. She expects you."



*"You must try not to worry. Dr. Perry
is doing everything humanly possible."*







“Now let me see—champagne goes about three inches to the right of the knife, doesn't it?”



"Darling!"